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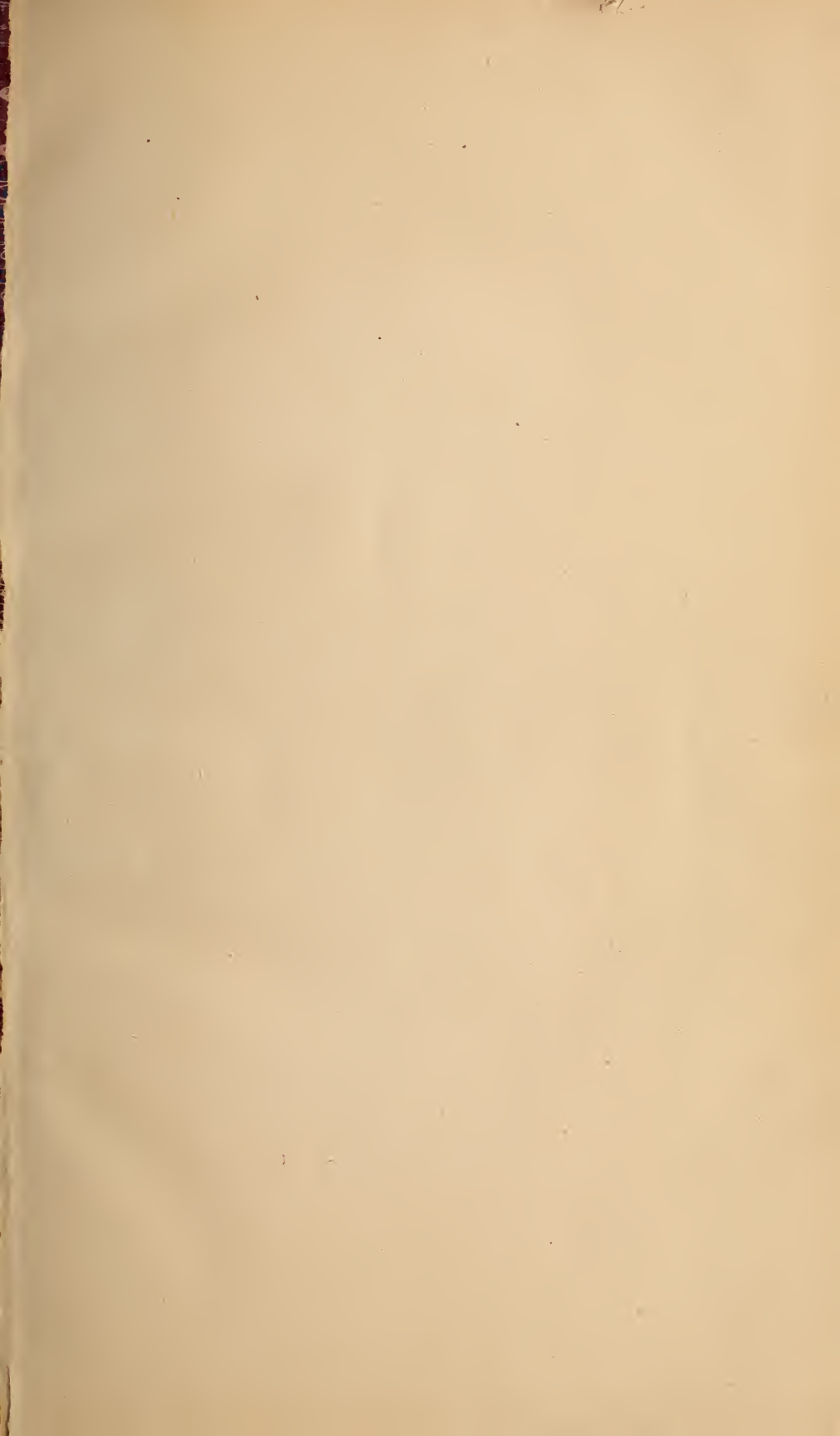
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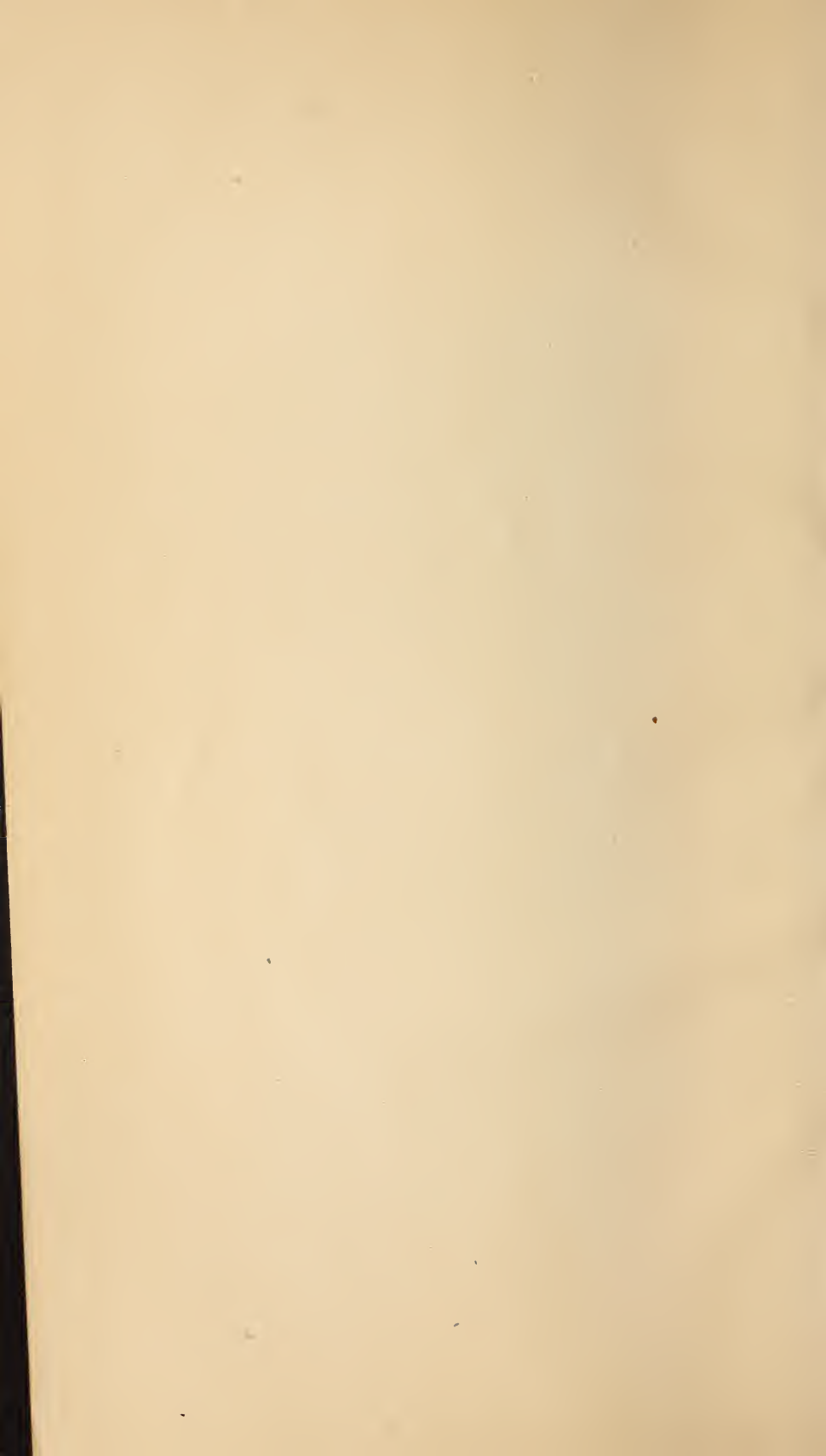
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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THE

ADVENTURES

OF A

VOLUNTEER,

BY A.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

Fanning, Thomas W.



S. P. C. BROWNE, PRINTER,

S. E. CORNER OF THIRD AND SYCAMORE STREETS, CINCINNATI, O.

1863.

THE

ADVENTURES

A NO

VOLUNTARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863,

By T. W. FANNING,

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LANDS AND MINES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1863

THE ADVENTURES OF A VOLUNTEER.

Doing a confectionary business here in Cincinnati I found would not be as productive in the winter as was necessary to a person of family, and being anxious to do something for my country, I was induced to join the 5th Ohio Cavalry, at Camp Dick Robinson, on the 17th day of September, 1861. I joined company H, of Captain John C., who was shortly after displaced, when, like the balance of his company, I went with forty-five of them to Lexington, Kentucky, where we would have joined a regiment of cavalry, under our former Captain, but that Colonel Taylor, of our first regiment, sent for us, and we returned in a few days thereafter, having been ordered to do so by some prominent persons in Frankfort. After our return, we were placed under command of Capt. P., a merchant of Cincinnati, who only remained shortly, he being discharged. Our 1st Lieutenant, B. W. T——n, was formerly a railroad conductor, and did, and still continues to do his business in a prompt and orderly manner. May all shoulder-strap men be of a similar disposition. In October we were ordered out to Camp Dennison, to which place we all rode, and fixed up our tents within a few hundred yards of the depot. A few weeks thereafter two of our companies got into houses

built there by carpenters, and there we were comfortably situated while we remained. Being a sargeant in Company H previous to our departure to Lexington, I was appointed to Q. M. McFarland's department, and issued on order all the clothing, blankets, and horse materials as long as we remained there. Assistant Q. M. Robinson, who principally did all the writing, was a gentlemanly officer of immense knowledge, and remained with us a long time. He was with us through Tennessee and Mississippi, and was always loved and respected by the whole regiment. May he always do well in this world and the next, we hope and pray. Camp Dennison is sometimes a pleasant place to reside in, but many of our boys were dissatisfied, because there were several articles which they wanted and could not procure there. Consequently some of them were taken of "French furloughs" to the city, and were sometimes guard-housed on their return, but were shortly afterwards unloosed by the Colonel, who was very kind to his men, and hated very much to see them remain any length of time inside prison doors. At Camp Dennison we had plenty to eat, drink and wear, and were only muddy in the winter when walking around. Consequently we, as soldiers in camp, did excellently well. There are several groceries here, which places sell things very high, and therefore are not very well patronized. The owners are not as wealthy as they might be in other places. About this period, newspapers were scarce very frequently, and in order to obtain one, much loved and respected by all the boys of our regiment, I wrote the following piece of poetry and sent it to the Times, which published it on the afternoon of December the 25th, 1861:

VOLUNTEER POETRY.

CAMP DENNISON, Dec. 21, 1861.

Editors Cincinnati Times:

GENTLEMEN:—As we have not seen much notice of ourselves, or our regiment, in your well-read and soldierly sheet, lately, we would humbly call your kind attention to the following scandalous production, perpetrated by a "Sargint" in our company, who, though he strikes *keenly* and with *point* at our failings, is, nevertheless, rather *blunt* in his opinions. We desire, however, kind sirs, that you will *bless* him with *Print*, though he be *d—d* by the Printers.

Respectfully, gentlemen,

COMPANY "H," 5TH O. V. C., U. S. A.

A FEW LINES TO COMPANY "H," 5TH O. V. C., U. S. A.

BY THE "SARGINT."

Since "sojers" are noted, wherever they go,
 For frolic or fighting, are "fast" or are slow;
 And each individual's able to teach
 The "gum" or the "grab" game, within or 'thout reach;
 Can stock a canteen at a stand or a run,
 And prime, load and fire, like a son-of-a-gun—
 To pull from the Sutler or henroost is willing,
 With foemen or women is equally killing;
 Who's quick on the "draw" when he "aims" at an inn,
 But slow in "presenting" when asked for the "tin;"
 Whose fame, like small change, lies loosely about him,
 (The wag knows the world could *wag*-on without him;)
 Who pants for a "breech" in observance of law,
 Tho' *d—d* are the breeches he's *pant*-ing to draw.
 In ev'ry mad antic, the top branch and root,
 Hail! hail! fellow "sojer," we meet and salute.
 Whom first have we here? What, our Orderly? Pond!
 The lines, my dear officer you are beyond.
 What's out? Is the company on the "French" march?
 The laundress, Sam. Howell, is *she* out of starch?
 The Regiment's dead, if Dame Truth holds my fears,
 That Scofield and Allen are—drunk pioneers.
 Where's Oding and Murray? Both missing, you say?
 Then, bottles, I pity your bellies to-day!
 O, Davis, friend Sam, and Pat Dignan, so true,
 Are ye stagg'ring off 'thout a "feller ye knew?"

And happy George Ludlum, I always thought that
 You'd break me the "brick" you had whole "in your hat."
 Farewell, John McCracken, and Jim, and Mike Mee,
 My spirits are gone with your spirited spree!
 Not a *Rum*-go is this—Jim left in the lurch
 By the Wansbro's, *Gin-u-wine* members of church.
 This day sees me *Ale*-ing since Adam forgot,
 And Webster, to bring me where they went—to pot!
 And Overturf, Rice, and our catfish dragoon,
 Ed. Brinkley, are now in some Lager saloon,
 Mit swi hoondert lager mine stoomak to slake!
 Oh, Smith, Olley Smith, bring back "something to take."
 And King, our great blow-hard, our blacksmith, where's he?
 In scratching for whisky, he's itching to flea.
 To Baccus' blind court has our Cottman withdrew?
 Then Mars has but given the devil his due.
 Let Venus preside where our Lawrence has fled,
 He'd rise from his grave being "seven weeks dead!"
 Where's Dolan, the "Bowld sojer boy?" Is he gone,
 With his army of guards? Ohon! and ohon!
 And Brennun, our John, "*Fare the divil is he*?"
 Blur-an-ouns! 'twasn't Boteen he wint for, d'y'e see?
 The devil, Lord save us, 'twas prompted the tramp—
 For scamp'ring off, John, ye'r the divil's own schamp!
 There's Appleby, too, he should be an instructor;
 Such conduct becomes not a railroad conduct-or."
 And Caldwell's called ill, at this juncture, I'd say,
 For, tho' "there's no pitch hot, Old Satan's to pay."
 Where's Higgins' horse? he's not gone! have a care!
 Where Higgins' horse is, his master is there.
 And Johnson and Mayhugh, I'd take my best oath,
 No mudhole is curtained and spread over *both*!
 Oh, Orderly, what's your advice that we do?
 Invoke the red spirits, the gray, white and blue?
 Call out to the gods, with a Roman's despair,
 And ask how our comrade's are roamin', and where?
 The Adjutant's coming!—we'll tell him the story,
 And die like true martyrs, in flame-covered glory.
 Excuse me, good Orderly, but have you got
 A chew of tobacco? You say that you've not!
 Or whisper—come nearer—pray give us a dose
 Of that same liquid dye which painted your nose.

All gone, you've remarked. Then why stand prating thus;
The men are—abed, you inelegant “cuss.”
“They *have not* deserted, then, Tom, as it seems?”
Yes, they have departed. friend Pond, to their dreams.
What, anger'd, good sir; it was in mere sport;
I made this addenda to your “morning report.”
If, first, when we'd met, you'd “presented” your flask,
And “ordered” your quid, there had not been such mask.
But frolic is our's, as I said at the first,
And you're not of Orderly Sergeants the worst;
Excuse, pray, the hand which invented this tail,
And call me a *fence* post whenever you *rail*.
And so fair good night, sweetest dreams and repose,
In seeking our couch we'll each follow—his nose;
Yet, fearing the Colonel might hear of the trick,
I'll off to the doctor, pretending I'm sick;
And say our Lieutenants, both gentlemen civil,
Have ordered my physical ills to the devil.
Or else to my Captain, McFarland, I'll hie,
And if there's small *wool* why there'll be but small *cry*.
All's well; I've exchanged my old *boots* for a *blanket*,
Each covers a calf, for which, Heaven, I thank it.

About the end of February we were ordered off, and therefore departed to Cincinnati, getting on board steamers for Tennessee river, which we immediately accomplished, at the same time bidding farewell to all our friends and relatives who resided near by. Then we left the city of Cincinnati on six or seven steamers, Major Scherer, our hero in all military matters, commanding the 1st Battallion, Major Ricker the 2nd, and Major Hayes the 3rd.

Our boat, the *Bostona* No. 2, not getting away until one day after the balance had left, on account of the lot of goods and horses we had to place on board; we, however, managed to get everything fixed on her, and away she went down stream towards Dixie, like a good traveler, and we bade good bye to our homes until we ended the war, which we expected to do very

soon, but which we have not yet accomplished, as we expected to do at farthest in a month or two.

Q. M. McFarland was on board this steamer, and obtained cabin fare for a "non-commissioned officer" clear through to Crump Landing, where a portion of us, the 3rd Battallion, got off, as we were ordered to do by Gen. Grant, and were placed under Gen. Lew Wallace, whose division was placed at this point, four miles below Pittsburgh Landing.

General Grant is at Savanna, some five miles below Crump Landing, and from thence orders our men to certain positions on the river above him. Previous to getting this far up the Tennessee we stopped at a destroyed railroad bridge, and viewed it as a handsome place to remain at for a few days. We discovered, amongst half a dozen houses, one belonging to a rebel doctor, which was filled with medicine and books, and which the boys destroyed. For what other reason than that he caused the trying by a jury there of a Union man, and endeavored to have him hung because he was in favor, previous to our arrival, of the American flag and Government feeling, and was born and bred in the North. This Doctor was said to be a poisoner and villain in every respect, and we found and imprisoned him on board a gunboat, until we could send him off to some U. S. prison, as a rebel villain. We did so, and then proceeded on our way up stream, I feeling so good on account of *one* rebel capture, that I immediately wrote to the Cincinnati Times newspaper an account of our present proceedings, and expecting the kind permission of permittal to write *all* the news I could to that friendly and accomplished paper whenever I could do so. The paymaster, Maj. McDowell, was on board our boats, and paid us off between the

bridge and where we landed, which made the boys feel fine, because they could send by a U. S. Agent, who was at that time in company with Maj. McDowell, all their money home, if necessary. Many among one of us did so very gladly, and a better cash business never happened us while we have been in service as soldiers. Not once.

March 10th, 1862.—To-day we passed an elegant farm house, on the Cumberland river, at which all the darkies in the neighborhood seemed congregated, who spread their ivories, and whatever rag of a handkerchief or other thing they could raise as a token of welcome to us to Dixie, as it existed here. Just below there is a site for a fortification, which seems a far more eligible position than Fort Donelson or Fort Henry, and, if appearances do not always deceive, the rebels *might* have made a stand with a far greater prospect of success than at the former positions. The woods along the river are very attractive here, not only in appearance, but because they shelter fat animals known in porkopolis, and fowls, which seem to enjoy the gratification of shade and solitude in this most critical period of their existence. Near the river-hills we see, as we advance, scouts of rebel cavalry calmly looking at our formidable appearance, and wondering, no doubt, at Yankee impudence in thus desecrating the sacred Southern soil. Passed Brownsville Landing at 9 o'clock A. M. River banks low all along this morning. Some fifteen miles above here a bold rocky cliff, directly facing us, as we advance, varies all the appearances considerably, it being the most prominent position we have seen along this river. The chain of hills here are large, and bear North and South, and these, Nature's fortifications, principally composed of stone,

completely command the river, up and down, for miles, and why they are not now bristling with rebel cannon is one of the singularities of this war. No force, no matter how superior in point of numbers, could have been brought successfully against this stronghold, and our bravery would, I fear, have failed to overcome a tolerable resistance of the enemy here. Our band are now playing the "Mocking Bird" on the hurricane roof of the boat, and as we pass along upwards the negroes, men, women and children, hurrah for us, provided there are no white persons near them; in fact, on both shores, the blackbirds greet the music playing mocking-birds and their companions with a hearty approbation, and we slide past in good feeling of mind and body, and think ourselves complete masters in every situation we have now, or shall hereafter arrive at in any slave position of this Union.

I obtained a rebel bullet to-day from a sailor on one of our gunboats, who stopped at the same landing, and which was flattened against our gunboat at Pittsburgh Landing, and am very greatly obliged for the present, I am sure. Major McDowell is on board other boats going up, and has paid off the greater portion of our regiment. Colonel Taylor is indeed a generous man, who endears himself to all by every good impulse. His kindly nature overflows with honorable liberality. Just now he has made a soldier happy, who was unfortunately overlooked on the pay roll, and who, but for the Colonel, would have had no funds to send his suffering family. The Colonel presented him with twenty dollars in specie, in order that he would send it with gladness to his wife and family. May God reward him! We saw Gen. Sherman this afternoon on the steamer Continental; he is a noble-looking soldier and

a determined one, who will not belie his looks, or we are all much deceived; the men with him seem to think very highly of his talents as a soldier, and his kindness as a man. May he ever remain so is all our hopes.

4 o'clock P. M.—We have just arrived at Savanna, which is a small-sized place on the left bank of the Tennessee river, and seemingly of very little importance in a strategic or other point of view. Twenty-eight steamers, filled with troops, and two gunboats, have arrived here before us. Just previous to a view of this place, we stopped at a Secesh corn-crib and profited our horses thereby.

We have landed with several other steamers opposite to Savanna, and our Zouaves are running round with cackling hens and uncrowing roosters under their arms, and one fellow is undressing a cock under its owner's very window. This is not as it should be, but men are (some of them) untameable. The negroes seem well contented to remain with their masters, and are *probably satisfied*, or seemingly so, at the present time, but they do not care about mingling with some of us; their good behavior, however, is possibly owing to the presence of several of their masters and *our* general orders for the time being.

One of our gunboats started up the river this evening to reconnoitre, and she only proceeded some six miles when she had a skirmish with a thousand or two of the enemy. She has returned to us unscathed and we move up to attend to the gentlemen in the morning.

March 12th., 1862.—We are here still and *contra omnium expectationem* hear no notes of preparation to-day, so far. Boats full of soldiers continue

to arrive here however, and we must now be at least fifty thousand strong. We laughed heartily to-day at the escapade of a couple of infantry soldiers who, influenced to possess a secesh chicken, addressed a slave woman, as black as Erebus, offering to purchase from her. The woman's "eh, eh," however was a very energetic and final negative, and the rebuked twain drew off a short distance to consider the chances, while the slave entered the house to attend to three fine corn cakes browning beautifully at the fire. After the council of war, the two outsiders separated, one sneaking around to the back door, the other advancing boldly to the front; he again made proposals to buy from the wench, but again received decided refusals from Miss Dinah who did not seem to be in want of money at that time, or from any such persons. Cunningly displaying his money he seemed at least to excite the woman's cupidity to such a degree, that she paid but small attention to the cakes inside. At this moment the other soldier entered the back door which was also open, and seizing upon the pones he made tracks. The cakes however, were warmer than he supposed, which led to his detection as the colored lady heard the noise he made in letting them drop; and so she ran to recover her lost property. The soger was too quick on the grab for her—seized them again and got to the fence pursued by the negress with her club in hand, until the fire in his rear becoming too hot, he was forced to jump suddenly into the road, losing, by dropping two and retaining one of the stolen cakes with which he successfully made off as fast as possible. The other rascally partner, the front door talking man, swore at his *friend* calling him thief, rascal and all other obnoxious epithets he could think of,

and finished by advising the slave to run and catch the villain who took her cakes, and he would assist her in so doing. This she was foolish enough to do, when her adviser, strongly tempted no doubt by the chance offered to him, picked up the two corn cakes lying so very invitingly within his grasp, when he too made tracks and of course got away with his eatable plunder. We who were present were sorry for the poor woman, and yet we failed to restrain our laughter when she returned, and observed her astonishment—when she discovered the trick played upon her by the partner of the fellow who had entered the house and stole the cakes. Raising, (on discovery of the other one's absence,) her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, "Wall, dere! ef dat order Lincoln man is'nt gone and stole too? Jest as I spected he'd do, jest as I spected! Guess dey'd better come and take ole nigger too, kase we might as well go now as any oder time. Dey will take all anyhow. Go long white man," she said excitedly to another U. S. Soldier, who pretended to console with her. "You jest as bad as de rest, and ef you can fight de secesh de same as you can steal from de darkies, you will need as many steamboats apiece, as you all got here now, to convey to de Norf all de plunder you take off de niggars."

12 o'clock M.—Our regiment has received orders to mount, and all are busy in preparation. Sabres are hastily buckled on, pistols and carbines are examined, horses saddled and everything betokens war in reality. The Fifth O. V. C. will see service now, as they are the vanguard of this immense army, and will of course be the first to encounter the enemy, who are said to be in immense force a few miles distant from us here. Five Union but Tennessee farmers have just come in

and report the enemy but a short distance in the interior. These farmers have just escaped being pressed into the Confederate service, by running away and seeking our protection. One of these fellows who seems rather a young person, and is of tolerable good looks, seems to take it hard about the situation in which he left his wife and small family, and he talks as though jealousy existed in his thoughts to a large extent at the present time. His ideas of Rebel actions are not very good, and his thoughts of a wife's treatment and her own conduct are not as good as a wise man would publicly express.

4 o'clock, *P. M.*—The whole of our force is ordered to advance in the steamers, and as I write this, a portion of us are moving up stream.

8 o'clock *P. M.*—Gen. Lew. Wallace's brigade accompanied by the third battalion Fifth O. V. C., started up the river led by a Gunboat, in order to reconnoitre for a fort held by the Rebels five miles above Savanna at Crumps Landing. We are almost certain of a brush, but go armed in a just cause and fearless of consequences. We have arrived at our destination, where we are to remain permanently with Lew. Wallace's division, the left wing of Gen. Grants army; while the main body are to go four miles farther to a place called Pittsburgh Landing—all are to await events in their encampments. May they soon be here we wish, and meet them and whale them as they deserve. Wallace's brigade is composed of the Eighth Missouri Infantry, the Eleventh and the Twenty-fourth Indiana, the Forty-fourth Illinois, and our Third battallion of Cavalry, besides other regiments. These are all good soldiers and are anxious for fighting and whipping, which we hope soon to

accomplish. Our tents are up and we feel all right here, as this seems a nice place though nearly houseless.

March 14th., 1862.—Our battalion is already ordered out to service; we are to burn two railroad bridges twenty mile distant on the Memphis and Charleston railroad near Bethel, Tennessee.

The boys started at 12 o'clock last night, shown the way by Major Hurst formerly a storekeeper in Purdy, Mississippi, and a born Southern man; but a Union person who has been badly treated by the Secesh because his feelings were in favor of Unionism all the time. His store was taken from him, and his family made prisoners until they retired to and lived with their relatives near by; but Hurst fled in time and got to us soon enough. So he is safe enough though bold as a lion and brave as a bull-dog.

11 o'clock, P. M.—Our boys have started on horseback to burn these bridges, company H, Capt. T——n leading the van; but the weather is rainy and dark and they have to go private ways to be successful in reaching the place and doing the duty they are ordered to do. Major Hayes commands them. The soldiers lost their way in the woods as they advanced, and it took them about ten hours to reach the Rebel scouts guarding the bridges, whom they immediately attacked and routed, capturing some nine or ten prisoners and thereafter destroying the bridges. While they were cutting away the second and last, a train filled with Rebel soldiers came along; but the engineer seeing the danger of this locality immediately stopped; and our soldiers had to get away soon which they did without losing a man; getting to camp by 4 P. M. next day. It was a good idea to destroy the transportation

routes of the Secesh rascals, as they were in several places at that time, and the idea of keeping them where they were was a very good one on our Generals part.

March 15th., 1862.—Our boys have again departed to finish the bridge-burning duties they have to perform, and went a distance of thirty miles from here, near which the enemy has (it is reported,) a force of about eight thousand Infantry and seven hundred Cavalry. The remarks of our Infantrymen upon the setting out of our boys that: "There goes the green Cavalry on a scout," was rather uncalled for; and the result of our going away showed very plainly that sometimes the gentlemen on foot are neither "Prophets nor sons of Prophets." We returned after performances of duties which we as well as the Infantry enjoyed on our return quite well indeed. General Smith highly complimented us, and in a General Order No. 4, gave the thanks of the whole division to us, officers and men, for gallant and meritorious conduct.

March 17th., 1862.—The Infantry are raising their tents on shore this morning which is a good idea, since the steamers have become dirty because of being overcrowded, and consequently are unhealthy. The water is also bad, as we have to make use of the Cumberland river as a spring to drink from, and it is too muddy at present for any such business. In consequence of having to drink this water a great many of our soldiers have taken the diarrhoea which was at first seemingly of a mild type, but has become fatal in some instances recently here. We trust not to remain here a great length of time, to get rusty like unused blades for want of proper handling.

What magnificent weather we are having the last

two days; the birds are entertaining themselves and us with sweet songs. The trees are in bud and blossom, and in fact all animated nature except man alone are enjoying that peace, happiness and sweet repose their Maker and Lord intended them for on earth.

March 19th., 1862.—What a mournful sight is a soldiers funeral? some poor fellow is being followed to his last resting place this morning by his comrades, with reversed arms, slowly marching to solemn music, with grief depicted in their countenances. Alas! how many of these brave fellows now full of life and health may fill a grave on the banks of the Tennessee ere they leave it! The remarks of Captain Carroll of the steamer J. B. Ford on his observing the procession, that “the water of this river would send many more of us the same road, if we stayed here much longer,” strikes us, like one of Cicero’s orations, as being forcible, and as much to the point. Why are we kept here idly? The General commanding this brigade has ordered the men on shore, in order to give them the benefit of pure air and spring water, which if accomplished, will certainly greatly lessen the tendency of disease amongst us, and probably induce this Tennessee looseness to relieve us of its presence. Our brigade (a portion of it) composed of a few companies of Infantry, completely surrounded one hundred Rebel soldiers last night and took them all prisoners. We are to go out scouting again shortly after dinner. Eight hundred additional Rebel prisoners passed us here to-day; they were taken by Gen. Smith’s division some miles beyond us. Immediately thereafter we went out scouting, commanded by Major Hayes.

8 o’clock P. M.—We have just returned from our foray and a glorious one it was, not so much from its

benefit to the cause perhaps, as to our personal gratification. We left our camp (Crump's Landing,) at one o'clock P. M., and along an excellent road to Adamsville five miles from the river, where the Rebel cavalry reported four hundred strong, (fifty more than ours,) had told the denizens in a boastful manner, that they would meet us to-day and drive us to h——l or some other seaport; but the lads of the South took good care to be out of the way when we arrived; consequently we thought we would pay them a home visit in a *civil* sort of a way, and so kept on close to Purdy, where five regiments of Rebel Infantry divide their quarters with those boastfully chivalric riders who failed to meet us where they represented they would. Three miles this side of Purdy we saw the first armed Rebel pickets, whom we drove in in company with their confreres, and captured some of them in sight of their whole army. We halted on top of a hill in full view, and within a mile of Purdy, which latter seems a place of some consequence. It is well situated in a valley, and excellently built for a small Tennessee town. Here we viewed the whole Rebel army as they came on toward us in a double quick, and a fine sight it was. They were apparently well armed and drilled, and were headed by a gallant looking General officer who seemed quite in earnest, until he saw the buckeye eye-balls, which had the effect to cove his present ardor, and he therefore ordered a halt, while we, too few to face so immense a force, after firing a couple of rounds slowly and in good order retired unmolested; never even going as fast as a trot until we reached our camp again. The only loss we met with was in horse flesh, Lieutenant Murray's animal, a noble brute, being killed in the picket fight. Our gallant fellows seemed sol-

diers born, and knew not their present vocation until they saw and encountered the enemy. The inhabitants of the country we passed through yesterday, are much divided in opinion on this war; the greater number strongly avow Union principles and wish for peace and fraternity again. The few opposed to these sentiments are bitterly prominent, and take every way to injure those whom they suspect to favor peace on any conditions whatever.

One poor old man whom we met yesterday at Adamsville told us that his only son, a youth 18 years of age, had been forced, on pain of death, to join the rebel Capt. Platt's company of cavalry, and made to assist in the robbing of his own father and his neighbors of their corn, fodder and provisions. He (the old man) begged us, with tears in his eyes, to inform him if Platt's whole company was not captured at Savanna yesterday by a portion of our army. We told him we believed they were, and that if his son was amongst them, he, his father, could, get to see him by an application to the commanding officer, which gratified the old man intensely and he limped away, (for he was lame, poor soul,) after distributing all the tobacco he had with him amongst us, at the same time blessing our noble cause, and all concerned in upholding it. He was only too happy to know that his son was safe in our hands, and he said he would make his little household happy when he got home with the intelligence he had received from us. The country along our route was composed of a sandy, but in some places a well watered soil, which (the land) must, if well cultivated, be productive in corn, potatoes and fruit, which we had some strong evidences of as we went along. The people seem well to do, and would

be undoubtedly happy in peaceful times, as they are comfortably housed, cleanly and healthy at this date. When Peace smiles upon a bountiful land, how happy are its people ! How much to be envied, and how great our Father in Heaven should be glorified ! But when a nation, against the dictates of humanity and the commands of the Supreme Being, engage in war against each other, brother against brother and father against son, then the lessons of life can be gathered from every hilltop and valley in the land. May this soon end, and Southern men again acknowledge their duty to the Flag of our whole country. Gen. Smith has just issued an order making it death to steal, or carry away unpaid for, the property of any person whatever, and intends enforcing it strictly. This is as it should be. What right have we to take and carry away the goods belonging to others ? One of the beneficial effects resulting from this order was apparent the other day, and saved the innocent females in an elegant mansion near our camp. The matter was this : A doctor of secesh proclivities, on the approach of our troops, fled to the rebel camp, leaving everything behind him, even his wife and his daughter, (the latter a beautiful young lady of 17, highly educated and accomplished,) to the mercy of the invaders. Our force pitched their tents in close vicinity to their residence and hearing ; shortly after this, a party formed of 20 or 30 soldiers, proceeded at once toward the place, in order to raze the house to the ground and plunder it of its contents.

On the first appearance of our fleets, the ladies being deserted by the husband and father, as before stated, made preparations for immediate departure, and had packed some portion of the household goods, when the

noisy riotous crew arrived, intent on the work of destruction. They commenced operations by breaking in the front door, to the extreme fright of the women and their colored people, and seizing the piano and other elegant articles of furniture with loud shouts, and, despite the tears of the trembling ladies, carried them off towards the door, intending to deliver them to the tender mercies of that portion of their party remaining outside. At this moment one of our cavalry teamsters, named Perkins, attracted thither by the noise, now stood at the door and, remonstrating with the ruffians, begged them, for the sake of their own mothers and sisters at home, to desist. This gallant fellow would then have met with harsh treatment, but that an officer, casually passing the house at this time, came to Perkins' assistance, and commanded the fellows to disperse, which they did very grumblingly; and a guard being placed at the door relieved the inmates from farther molestation. The order of our General, inflicting the death penalty for any similar outrage in future, has frightened the rowdy portion of our men into quiescence, and has placed a wholesome restraint upon all the evil-disposed ones we are cursed with. This looks like civilized warfare, and fanatical pulpit thumpers, and bigoted fellows will discover that *brave men* enlist to fight the battles of their country and *not* to rob, plunder and destroy.

March 22nd.—One of our Lieutenants shot a colored servant yesterday by accident. These frequently recurring accidents are uncalled for. There are too many gentlemen in this army, and too few poor individuals; the first draw extremely liberal pay and commit accidents often and criminally; the latter rather small wages, considering they are often the head and

always the arm of a squad, company, or, perhaps even a battallion. So wags the world. The killed servant's name is John Curtis. He formerly kept a barber shop next door to Reinlein's drug store, on the corner of Eighth and Freeman streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

March 23rd.—We have had large additions made to our forces here until we are now nearly, or quite, 70,000 strong. Gen. Smith commands; he is a fine, genial looking man, and is as friendly and conversable as any shoulder-gilt gentleman in the army, and is undoubtedly the idol of his men, who leave all knotty issues to their General, and his decision is always justifiably answering to the appeals they often make to him. His affability is never at fault, and proclaims more for him than his compeers (many of them) can boast of, so far.

Rebel armed and unarmed men are coming into this camp every day in squads as many as 20, but more frequently from 4 to 10, and claim our protection, or join our army at once. In fact they nearly, or quite, all join at once. They are certainly welcome, and this proves how true is the principle upheld by those in power, that the Constitution should remain *unaltered*, and all men have their just rights as heretofore, in property of all kinds, held as well in the South as in the North. Two of our boys were speaking to-day about politics. One was a democrat and the other a republican. They were arguing strongly on political matters, and finally came to blows, because the democrat thought the President of the U. S. wise in appointing Scott, Stanton and Bates as council friends, and putting out of office friend Simon Cameron, for good reasons and excellent judgment. The fight was, however short, and one of the sutlers' shops closed by en-

tainment the words and blows of both Democrat and Republican. They trusted to end the fight shortly when they commenced it, as they will the war now going on between North and South. We all hope they are as true in the latter wish as they were in the former.

I am ordered this P. M. up to Pittsburgh Landing, which is 4 miles up the river from here, in order to obtain clothing from our Quartermaster there for the Tennesseans whom we have lately obtained here as recruits.

4 P. M.—Have arrived, and am taken in a wagon to Shiloh Church, near which place are the principal quarters of our regiment. Troops are encamped all along on both sides of this rough road, and seem quite at home, enjoying themselves gaily in all sorts of innocent amusements. They look in far better health than our boor boys below. Whether they will, in consequence, *fight* better, remains to be proved. They did quite well yesterday, however, on a scout. They had been ordered to examine the road towards Corinth, and went so close to the enemy's pickets, unexpectedly, as to capture General Marks and his Orderly Sergeant, who were both snugly ensconced at the house of the former, they not having the remotest idea that the 5th O. V. C. were as close and as impudent as to lay their sacriligious hands on the sacred person of a great rebel General. We also obtained some 45 bales of cotton, one ton of powder, some valuable fodder and grain; also a superb horse, owned by the aforesaid General, who can ride his *hobby* now in close quarters, rather than confinement to horseflesh at large. Wonder whether he prefers a canter now on horseflesh or a decanter on foot. The rebel General's house is a very

fine looking domicile, and is well situated here in rebellion. There are some fine looking females about the premises who seem to think too much of the position now occupied by them. One of the *ladies* was rather talkative at the time of our appearance, and very demonstrative in regard to morals possessed just then. One of our men seemed dry, and asking her, as she stood in a door, to please give him a drink of water, she, using chewing tobacco in manly style, sent a spit at him which struck his face so evenly and nicely that he thanked her for so much kindness in furnishing him with a drink she used herself, and he went off amid the laughter of his companions and the jokes of his friends. This was all the trouble any of our boys had, however, in this scout, and they returned to their camp, shortly afterwards in great good humor. Generals Grant and Sherman are both here, near to Shiloh Church; the former is in command of us all, who amount to 70,000 men now, and probably more. The steamer Tigris is the mailboat from Savanna to Pittsburgh Landing, and is now waiting at the latter place to bring Gen. Grant back again to the former place, where many pretty girls reside, some of whom made acquaintance with our leading officer as we first arrived. These pretty maids are sisters to a rebel officer; and, though they talk very well to our Generals and their aid-de-camps, they believe in Southern views more strongly than in Northern matters.

March 25th.—To-day wrote to the Cincinnati Times, a good, and true, and well-liked paper. Gen. Smith reviewed several regiments this morning, and seemed greatly pleased at their appearance and performances. They were a splendid body of men truly, and he who cannot view them with a glow of patriotic emotion

filling his breast, must be either an imbecile or a traitor. Saw two or three pencil scratchers on horses taking notes; they seemed like crows in a spring cornfield—ready to peck but unable to find sufficient to feed on. Returned by steamer to Crump's Landing, which is becoming unhealthy, as a day scarcely passes without lessening our number of poor fellows. To-day I met a soldier bareheaded and barefooted, weeping violently and wringing his hands in seeming despair. His only brother had just died in the pesthouse of smallpox, and this devoted relative who had waited news of him daily at the hospital door, had but now been told of his death. He seemed almost crazed, and his heart wrung groans, and piteous exclamations would have drawn tears from the hardest heart. We are making a graveyard in sight of the river at the top of the landing, which is fast becoming of large extent. It was here the body of this young man's brother was placed.

To-day three members of our battalion were taken prisoners near Adamsville, where they were standing guard, and the balance were compelled to retreat a short distance as the Rebels were six to one of our Cavalry; and they retreated too in a short time, as all our force went to hunt them up pretty soon afterwards.

We have some geniuses in our company who are worthy of notice, and I shall treat of their peculiarities frequently. One of them Patrick D——n by name, by birth a native of Connaught, is one of the humorous souls in our crowd, and creates many a laugh by his knave expressions and droll stories. His fund is never exhausted, and he rains the hot shot of his wit upon us continually. He is a brave fellow too, and cold as an iceberg under fire. Instance the other day

when we had chased the Rebel pickets into their camp, and there we stood upon the hill top watching their whole army as they came on at us in a double quick. Pat, whose horse is rather short in the fore-legs cried out as we started back, "Well boys, divil a days luck ever I'll have afther losing this fine chance at that Rebel Ginerall below." "What chance," asked one of us who didn't see it. "What chance d'ye ax me is it," he exclaimed, turning a laughing eye at all the company about him. "What chance, ye leprehanins, why thin I'll tell you since ye are such blind divil's as not to see it yerselves. You obsarve that Rebel Ginerall coming up at us thin do you? very well! Now look you a down on this baste annunther me; do you see thim both? You do? Very well. Now if my horse instead of being a half cousin or so was a full blooded kangaroo, an' I was down behind that cocked hat Rebel villain, could'nt I bate him seventy-five yards in a hundred up any hill in America; an' take him and his soord and all that he has on him as gay as he looks?—tell me that now." And Pat looked triumphantly around him as if to challenge a contradiction to his assertion, which no one venturing to offer, Pat clinched his argument by remarking that, "From the linglyth of a kangaroos hind legs, he'd be hard to navigate down a hill; but," he added with emphasis, "I'd defy the divil himself to a fair race *up* one."

We have just had another grand review; this time the whole division is out and a magnificent sight it is. What a fine array our one battallion of four hundred horsemen make at the head of this fine lōoking body of men. Then comes two batteries of guns, after which six regiments of Infantry march around and do permanent duty to all received orders.

March 29th., 1862.—Five hundred Cavalry, called the Curtis horse, arrived at Savanna yesterday from St. Louis on the A. M. McDowell. They have been a short time at Fort Henry, and are well drilled men seemingly. One of them, a private soldier who seemed jovial over his advance into Rebeldom, so much so, that he wrote home to the effect that when he next wrote home, his friends and neighbors had better be ready to remove to Dixie, as he had a plantation already with a big stock of negroes picked out for each of them. And that the unmarried young men had better remain so awhile, as the young Secesh ladies were fit to tie too, and anxious to solve such knotty questions; and were willing to be obedient to any of the mudsill fellows who came on and offered themselves up without loss of time. Some of the belles are seemingly quite willing to be wrung in token of joy at our approach; in some instances, and in such cases (if true,) if females were fortresses, a short siege and plenty of ammunition would be all the articles required to render them defenceless, and willing to immediately come to proper terms. So much for the Curtis horseman who may be a logician or otherwise; but "if so why so," as Captain Cuttle says in a wise way, or, remarkable manner.

Transportation here has become hard to obtain unless to particular persons; and those having control of these matters, display considerable favoritism in many cases where it is neither requisite nor desirable. It is sometimes called Military necessity, etc., etc.; bully for the necessitous with shoulder straps; they sometimes talk as if becoming impoverished in the prosecution of this war. A special law for their benefit and to secure their creditors ought to pass both Houses without a

dissenting voice, for their sure and immediate good. "Let her rip who's afeared!"

March 30th., 1862.—Our boys are on picket duty every night and are pretty severely tasked, having camp duty also to perform. The general routine is included in the following:—5 o'clock A. M.—We rise, wash and prepare for roll call. 5½.—Roll call, feed and curry horses. 6, breakfast, clean sabres and accoutrements, guns, pistols, etc., etc. 10 o'clock, drill on foot till 12 M. 2 o'clock P. M.—Company drill on horses until 4 P. M. Battalion drill. 5½, dress parade, after which supper. This with other duties, such as acting orderlies for General officers, obtaining provisions for the men and forage for horses keep us pretty busy, and leaves us very little time we can call our own. We manage however to get through very well, and often with a degree of alacrity very commendable in newly raised troops.

April 4th., 1862.—On account of illness my journal skips over the intervening week, nothing worthy of record has transpired, except a few slight skirmishes in which we have been but partially engaged. The recent boldness of the enemy seems to predict a warm future for us, and a strong determination on the part of the foe to contest our farther advance into the interior. Our battalion are camped close to two great fighting regiments composed, of the Eighth Missouri, and the Eleventh Indiana, whose morals are, by many said to be none of the best, although there bravery is undoubted. The Eighth Missouri especially, are without doubt as a body, pretty hard customers to deal with in any way you take them; and are no way tender in regard to the feelings of others. They play poker with curious success all

over the camp, and deplete the pockets of outsiders who engage them with cards or dice in short metre. A fellow belonging to the Eighth Missouri, a private known to his comrades as "Red," (probably from the color of his hair,) was guilty of rather a mean trick to-day in the presence of a crowd congregated around a chuckaluck board—and chuckled finally at his own meanness. A sick soldier influenced by the pretended good luck of the "roppers in" around him, was induced to stake his little means on the figure six, which he *won*; and placing the whole amount in his vest pocket, started away saying, that *now* he could send to his suffering wife and two children at home, enough to keep them from starvation until next pay day; he was accosted by "Red" who, failing to influence him "to try his luck again," deliberately robbed the poor fellow by picking his pockets and running off with his ill got booty. And this too in plain view of the congregated gamblers and lookers on present at the time and place. The plundered man immediately discovered his loss, and pursued the thief who dodged behind a large sutlers tent, but was pointed out and stopped, when he boldly denied the theft; and pulling off his coat offered fight to this weak man, who was wholly unable to defend himself. "Red" being a sort of shoulder-hitter by profession, and well known as such to all our army, of course bantered in vain, and so he got away. We never heard if the offender was held to any account for this action, but do not think he was. There are some gentlemen in the Eighth Missouri, who are much disgraced by having villains of this fellows stamp in any way connected with them, and who would undoubtedly use every endeavor to

bring to merited justice so mean a scamp, were the matter properly made known to them.

April 5th., 1862.—There is a report current in camp to-day, that the Secesh are in strong force between us and Corinth, and that our skirmishers have had several small fights in the last ten or twelve hours with the Rebel advance guard. We wonder if they dare advance and attack us in force sufficient to give us *all* a chance for glory? We hope they will dare it, and meet their just deserts at *our* hands. We will *grant* them the earliest opportunity they desire to try the "Mudsills" on. The boast that one fireater can whip five Yankees in a fair fight, means thereby, and includes of course all the men of the free States. We Westerners, poor devils, being too insignificant in their estimation as soldiers, are not of course, taken into any consideration by these heroes of the South; and the only reason why we have been so long permitted to desecrate with our hated presence the "Sacred Soil," is probably because the chivalry being naturally the politest, bravest, gayest, most heroic, generous, lively, whole-souled, truthful, modest, and generally and promiscuously tremendous humorists, a wondering, admiring world has ever humbly looked at from afar, are only waiting to send their Beau-regards to us, ere they feast us on their butternuts. Their hospitality shall be reciprocated; let them supply the meal and we will furnish the desert to them. Not to be outdone in politeness, we agree to accompany the *gentlemen* back to the place they came from, and attend to some of their affairs *gratis*, afterwards. Let them come when they please, the sooner the better. The Mudsills are quite anxious to tender them a grand reception, the warmth of which will probably surprise them; but

whether agreeably or otherwise this deponent sayeth not.

We were separated permanently from the first and second battalions of our regiment some time since, and we the third battalion are now with the brigade of Gen. Lew. Wallace with whom we have considerable duty to do. The men here continue to suffer from diarrhœa and fever, and are dying quite fast—poor fellows. We have not sufficient force of doctors to attend them, and no regular hospitals. Stores for the sick are likewise *very* scarce. If all the army is similarly fixed then our wonder will cease at so many fatal terminations to diseases, which under ordinary circumstances are of easy cure. We should be supplied by every loyal State with a corps of nurses and such other necessities as the sick require. It will be a sad hour to many a poor fellow who falls wounded on the field, unless we are supplied with these desirable articles. But no matter; we will leave to fate our destinies, and say no more in regard to this matter. We started out this evening, and arrived at Adamsville where we saw two or three pretty girls, who reside in the place, for the first time. They, on the previous occasions of our arrival, being so shy or Unionistic that they would not show us how sweet and good looking they were. Now with the sweet—bitter also predominating in their faces—we escaped heart whole.

The very handsomest girl, however, in this neighborhood is, I am happy to say, as strongly in favor of our noble cause as her female neighbors are against us. Her brother joined our company some days since, and is as good a member as Captain T——n has in his company. His name is McQuirter, and he has unfortunately been somewhat ill recently. To-day he was

visited by his sister, Miss Mary, the young lady I speak of, which resulted in the unconditional surrender of all the unmarried young men's hearts who saw her. What a small thing will sometimes change a man's opinion; yesterday our boys thought this part of Tennessee the vilest portion of the world, and swore they wouldn't be compelled to live in it for the wealth of the Indies. To-day, since they saw one of the lovely productions of the soil, (Miss Mary) they all, to a man, vow that a hut here in the wilderness, with Mary as the presiding deity, would be happiness beyond comparison, and an abode fit for the gods. Speaking of Miss McQuirter, reminds us of the story of Kincaid's loss. He is a near neighbor to the lass' father, and is owner of a large flour mill in close vicinity. Kincaid has been badly treated by his rebel friends and he determined shortly to cut his military acquaintances, one of whom (General Cheatham, who seems, in this case, to be a cheat-'em by nature as well as by name,) certainly deserves this desertion by Kincaid. The facts in regard to the case are these: Kincaid, who was wealthy previous to the rebellion, used to be an intense fire-eater. Since, and probably before the war broke out, he not only voted for the Ordinance of Secession himself, but influenced others by every means in his power to do the same, and to swear by every means in their power to use all the money they were possessed of to support the cause, if necessary. For this Kincaid received much praise and commendation at the time, and of course became a very distinguished person in the estimation of his fellow traitors. "Talk then was cheap," but Jack found out very soon that "it often takes money to buy whisky." The war, first being off at a distance, he could talk and swagger away to his

heart's content. By and by, however, along comes Gen. Grant and his patriotic forces to Pittsburg Landing, and so, too, comes the rebel force under Cheatham, who encamped at a proper and safe distance from us; and in Jack Kincaid's close vicinity, and led to the thing about to be narrated here. The rebels, it seems, fell somewhat short of flour and other necessities of feed shortly after their arrival, and so a couple of hundred of them paid the mill a visit in the absence of its owner, who was even then on his way to pay his respects to Gen. Cheatham. The rebel fellows, of course, thinking it all right, proceeded to load their horses and teams with as much of so noble an adherent's flour, corn and fodder as they could possibly carry away, made off leisurely to their camps, exultant at the near prospect of so glorious a feed for man and beast, and gratified that they were the first recipients of the notable generosity of the amiable and devoted Jack. They were met on the road, however, by the owner, who, unconscious of the wrong they did him, and being highly pleased with the very favorable reception he had met with from their General, greeted them with a smile, and wished them every success in all their undertakings; he passed unsuspectingly on, then, towards home, singing Dixie as he went. The tune was quickly changed when he arrived and was informed of what had happened during his absence. Jack, who was anything but pious, was said to be awful in his anger, and he fully sustained his reputation in this instance, as he was the author now of some twenty odd, and heretofore unheard, oaths, with unmentionable maledictions in this paroxysm of rage and despair. Be this as it may; Jack, foaming with wrath, remounted his steed and bade his astonished

friends prepare to hear of the complete destruction of the whole plundering party on his return.

He set spurs to his horse then, and never slackened his rein until he was again in front of Cheatham's quarters and ordered to halt by the guard. Kincaid had no other idea but that this functionary, on being placed in possession of all the circumstances of the robbery, would order out all the offending party for immediate execution, and already saw in imagination the guilty scoundrels swept from the earth by the deadly volleys of their executioners.

Being politely invited into the presence of the General, he stated his grievance, interspersing his narrative with many of his irreverent coinages, and concluded by requiring immediate redress of his wrongs. This was promised him on the morrow by Cheatham, who pretended great and virtuous indignation, and declared the perpetrators unfit to exist, covered as they were with eternal indelible infamy and shame in the eyes of the whole civilized world. "To-morrow, my friend, to-morrow," said the General, and his eyes as he spoke were trying to fill with sympathetic tears. "Public and important business being less imminent to-morrow, I shall thoroughly sift this matter, and you shall have justice done you, though the heavens fall. Bring with you an estimate of your loss, and I shall feel only too much honored in covering it with Confederate bonds at six per cent. No thanks, my dear friend; and farewell until to-morrow." Jack bowed gladly to this news, and, bidding the General a short farewell, mounted the old mare, highly elated at these promises and determined to swell the estimate to enormous proportions, in order to cover all after losses, and thus completely secure himself in any event. Wonder if

there are any patriotic gentlemen of this stamp on our side? We hope not. While Kincaid was being congratulated on his return home by his friends, the object of his errand to Cheatham was being noised about in the rebel camp; and had Jack known what was intended by them, if he kept the next day's appointment, he would scarcely have wasted the amount of paper and time he did that night on the Estimate.

Next day Kincaid taking with him a few friends whom he desired to witness his triumph, proceeded gaily on to his destination, and arrived as the Rebel General was about to enjoy the noon meal. The grim Chief seemed wholly taken by surprise at the uncalled for intrusion of his yesterday's friend, and asked in no pleasant tone if it was expected by every one in general, and John Kincaid in particular, that he should deny himself the proper occasion of food, in order to hear the petty complaints of every trudge and tramp about the country. Jack was thunderstruck, and made a meek reply, supposing it best under the circumstances; and so he handed to the scarless hero, a formidable looking bundle of papers, muttering something about yesterday and the estimate.

"What estimate, and be d——d to you! Oh, I see! You are the same fellow who came to me yesterday with a long string of lies about being robbed of property, which, according to your *previous boastings* belongs to the Confederate Government. You gave it, as you said, freely; and now you come to me with a *whine* about *property*! Away with you Sir, and think yourself fortunate that I allow you to depart unscathed from hence. Do you think because you are a knave that I am consequently a fool! Guard! see these individuals beyond the lines! Mark this ruffian

well ; and should he again enter them, hang him to the first tree without any ceremony whatever. Jack's woeful appearance may be better imagined than described, as he was dragged rather than led through the Rebel camp ; and had not a word to repel the upbraidings of the friends who came with him, and were as unceremoniously treated as himself by the chivalry of camp Cheatem. The Knight of the dolorous countenance certainly never looked more chopfallen than the owner of the mill did upon this occasion. He had learned a lesson, however, which he intended to profit by immediately, and thus partially consoling himself, he reached home a wiser if not a better man. John was not destined by fate to escape thus easily ; for he had left home with the estimate but a short time, when a more numerous and noisy body of soldiers than the first, arrived at his house, which they ransacked of everything they could lay their hands on ; and then departed leisurely, taking with them also a splendid lot of cattle, which the owner a short time previous refused a round sum for. The mill was also robbed of everything it possessed of any value, and Kincade, on discovery of *this* heavy loss was nearly crazed, and determined on a positive revenge which he is now accomplishing secretly, but through others who frequently give us good intelligence of every important matter they find out, which is very right on their part. Kincade is no longer a favorer of Secession, and has found out too late, which party respects men's rights. He knows now, and properly too, what a traitor has to expect at the hands of fellow traitors.

We still remain at Crump's Landing and except considerable scouting, and two or three skirmishes ; we have laid dormant here, so far. The days move slowly

and our movements are to use a railroad phrase "behind time." Our hopes of ending this war in two or three months are not so flattering as we were led to believe, and render some of the home loving among us a little despondent; not of the eventual result or fear any force the enemy may bring against us, but because every thing seems to move along at a snails pace; as if our leaders were anxious for their own benefit to prolong the strife until the nation demands action or the army becomes disgusted with the service. We do not expect to advance upon the foe for weeks to come, and unless Mahomet comes to the mountain the mountain will not come to Mahomet. There may be strong reasons however, for this inertness, and all may eventually turn out right. Men of humble positions in the armies cannot be qualified to judge of military necessities, and therefore look more to effects than causes.

There are some happy fellows in camp to-day, notwithstanding its dull sameness, and we all manage in this manner when we receive letters, as we have to-day from our loved ones at home.

My dear wife and child are both enjoying good health, and think of the weary soldier afar in the enemy's land, surrounded by dangers; their love magnifies into awful peril. Ah, who can tell what a thrill of joy swells through the breast of the absent volunteer on the receipt of this sweet, persuasive token of love from the beings most dear to him on this broad earth, and whom he may never be permitted to clasp in his fond embraces again. Oh, may He who rules the Universe be propitious to them, and guard them from every harm. How lovingly a fond wife writes! How unwrithingly her affection breaks out when she says in her letter, that she is teaching our baby to say

"Papa;" and also desires should I be taken ill, to have permission to come and nurse me back to health again. Would this was according to our regulations, it would be the means of saving many lives. Ah, immortal, ever-blessed Florence Nightingale, would that others could appreciate the value of your sweet ministrations in the Crimea, and form an idea of the sacrifice you made in exchanging home and home comforts for the disagreeable, the miserable points of camp life. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall have their reward.

7 o'clock P. M.—Some of our scouts report the enemy approaching our lines in force; but it is generally disbelieved, and security prevails in our whole army. The tattoo beats the hour of retiring to rest, and we will all seek repose to dream of home and happiness.

Previous to blowing out our light some of our boys were engaged in fortune telling, and corporal B., seemed the most fortunate hearer of all concerned. A young lady whose name was Jane, was described as being lovely and in love with some one in the army; in consequence of which he sat down and wrote her an immediate letter, pretending fascination on his part, and desiring to know if he was not the most dazzling fellow living; and whether or not he was the person upon whom she desired most as a companion in this life, and if she would not have him self alone as soon as the war is ended. Having finished this love letter, the light was put out, and the corporal had to retire immediately too. We hope to a good and true rest.

Sunday 7 o'clock A. M.—The scouts were right for the enemy have approached this morning, and have attacked our right or center at Pittsburgh Landing five miles

above here. We see the smoke of battle, and have heard the roar of artillery, and the crack of musketry almost continuous for the last hour. Our boys here are urged to a hasty breakfast, as the order to advance may be heard at any moment. There is great excitement and strong anxiety to take part in the fight, manifested by the troops, who will move on with alacrity the moment the command is given to do so. May they win honor to themselves and glory to the country—we solemnly pray the Ruler of all things. The firing is now warmer than ever, report following report in rapid succession, and the fight seems gradually tending toward us here.

11 o'clock A. M.—The firing has never slackened since we heard it first this morning, and it is now as I write, one continuous roar without cessation or interval, approaching here slowly but surely. Our division here has just received its orders, and are being formed into line as quickly as possible.

General Lew Wallace is everywhere overseeing, giving orders, and urging haste with all the calmness and self-possession which proclaims the energetic, able commander. And the men, relying upon their own courage and the capacity of their leader, “fall in” with great alacrity. Gen. Grant passed up to the scene of conflict half an hour since on his flag ship, the steamer Tigress. Wonder where he has been during the hours of battle this morning? We thought previously that a commanding General’s place was *with* his own troops, or so close to them that, in case of even a picket fight taking place, he could, in a few moments, know the whole particulars and determine accordingly.

Straggling parties of our own men are now coming in here, at Crump’s Landing, where none but our sick have been since Wallace departed, half an hour since.

These last arrivals say that they have just been driven from the battle-field by the enemy, who are represented as being 100,000 strong, headed by Johnson, Beauregard, Bragg, Price, Cheatham, Polk and others. These men who fled from the battle are mostly bareheaded, barefooted, and without arms of any kind; they having lost them in swimming Snake Creek, which is between here and where they escaped from—near Shiloh Church.

2 o'clock P. M.—There are representatives of a dozen regiments engaged in the terrific combat going on so near us, now here, who number at least 1,500 men. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Missouri are represented by these fleeing cowards, who positively assert that all our troops are nearly cut to pieces, and therefore incapable of much longer withstanding the terrific assaults of so large a force of the enemy. Some of them assure us that they are the last and only living members of their regiments which were so well filled lately; and all positively declare themselves completely taken by surprise, while engaged at breakfast, and only escaping capture by flying when their ammunition was all expended.

4 P. M.—The fury of the tremendous conflict is still unabated, and is seeming to change its location towards the river, where but one of our regiments is placed with the tents. Now our two gunboats, the Tyler and Lexington, seem also to have become engaged; they have been firing for one hour. So the rebels must have driven us from our camps towards them and the river at Pittsburgh Landing. Can it be possible that they have done so, and nearly whipped us? No! let us never believe a traitor horde capable to any advantage over us in a fair field. The wounded are now

coming in here in quantities, both feet and ambulances bringing them along. Some of them are able to limp alone, and some are assisted by their comrades. They all represent the rebels as being masters of the principal portion of our camp, and, of course, having the best of the battle so far. We have a very nice built hospital boat here, which is becoming crowded with our wounded men, with two very excellent physicians on board, who are engaged in all duties towards their patients necessary. All of the transports and boats with provisions laying, since our arrival, at Pittsburgh, are now moving down towards Savanna, some of them carrying also large quantities of our wounded. They do not stop here, but inform us that reinforcements are arriving where they are moving to, and that Buell's army will come up in quick time, and that Gen. Nelson's men will be the first on the battlefield. We see on the opposite side of the river a cavalry force going down, who belong to Ohio, and are going to Savanna, in order to come over to the fight immediately. May it be so. We trust soon to be in sight of Buell's whole army and drive then the enemy before us.

Buell's arrival has saved us certainly ; for otherwise the rebel army had been stronger and much more healthy than ours here.

Gen. Grant was with his aids at a secesh house, ten miles from his army, when the fight first commenced, where there are said to be some handsome damsels, whose brother is a rebel officer, and who are, and have been, apparently such good and sound Unionists, that our General thought them all right. But they probably sent what news they heard to that brother, and it was thus, mayhap, the secesh army moved toward us and came so near whipping us.

On seeing our wounded men I was made aware of an affecting incident by one of these poor fellows on the hospital barge, shortly after his arrival there. It related to himself and the person who came with him, and is at present in a bed, attended by our doctors. It seems that some time previous to enlisting as volunteers, these two young men, J. C. and Henry M——y, were rivals for the affections of a pretty girl in their neighborhood, who declared finally that she would never wed any other than a brave man, who would prove himself so on a field of battle, and that, hereafter, no home-staying suitor need trouble her with his presence, as cowards were more hateful to her sight than anything which crawled along the ground, and, therefore, if she wasn't worth fighting for she wasn't worth having. In consequence of this, Jim and Henry joined the 72nd Ohio, and arrived here with their regiment about as good friends as persons in such cases usually are, and they both entered the fight to-day, determined to do their devoirs as men, of course, and each determined to outdo the other, if possible, in daring bravery. They were placed conspicuously, and fought like heroes, until Henry was struck down with a ball in the hip, when James, forgetful of self, and penetrated by generous emotion at the sudden mishap of his *now* friend, raised him upon his own back, and while in the act of carrying him to the shelter of a neighboring tree, was himself the recipient of a rebel bullet, which rendered his left arm powerless. He still stuck to his friend, however; and as now the whole of their brigade was compelled to fall back, the task, though hard, was accomplished. Instead of the tree, James brought his rival safely to this place. They are both, as I stated before, on our hospital boat here, from whence, it is to be hoped, they

will both be sent home on a furlough, and remain until their recovery. How the fair cause of their trouble will decide between them it is hard to say. One thing, however, is certain: either of them is fit to mate with any young lady in the land.

Our division under Wallace, which left here about 1 P. M., are not yet engaged; they are said to have lost their way on proceeding towards the battlefield. They will, we hope, be soon on the right road, and then give the enemy harder work when they arrive. The heroic 11th and 24th Indiana, the 8th Missouri and the 58th Ohio, form part of this force; and if they cannot whip double their number of rebels, then I am laboring under the greatest mistake I was ever under in all my life.

We unfortunates on the sick list here, are compelled to guard the company stores in the absence of our comrades. We are anxious enough to be with them were we permitted; but as this is against orders we must resign ourselves to submit and obey. Some of us have asked our First Lieutenant to go, but he, under the circumstances thinks the few well men remaining with the sick here are at their proper posts. Our battalion commanded by Major Hayes are out guarding a number of wagons which left here to bring provisions and forage to our departed division. They will do their whole duty to our country, although they are only armed with sabres. The few pistols we have, are Josslyn's *patent*, are patently worthless, and refuse to fire at a foe; they are consequently only dangerous to their owners. Who is to blame for this? no one of course. But feeling ourselves fighting in a just cause, we will not permit any one to exceed us in the

faithful discharge of our whole duty under all circumstances.

6 o'clock P. M.—The fire has somewhat slackened in the last half hour, and except the discharge of heavy guns from our gunboats is nearly ceased altogether. Buell has arrived with a large portion of his force, they having crossed over to the scene of action. A large portion of them is visible going on the opposite side of the river to Savanna to obtain transportation. A number of transport steamers which passed down to-day, some of them nearly empty, are now returning filled to their utmost capacity with glorious soldiers, who rend the sky with cheers as they pass up to their destination.

That does not look as if we were beaten yet awhile, although some of the steamers stopping their engines at our hail here to-day, report our being driven clear to the river, where the glorious gunboats are even now protecting our retreat. From all accounts which seem reliable, and corroboratory evidence of our own eyes and ears, the gunboats have saved our outnumbered, wearied army from annihilation. A grateful country will reward their services we all firmly trust and believe. The Rebels seem to have advanced last night within two miles of our pickets so silently, that our sleeping sentinels knew nothing of the matter, until they were cut down or captured in the morning by the advancing enemy, who followed the advantage so quickly, that a part of our force, especially the brigades of Generals Prentiss and Sherman were cut up or captured before they had a chance to defend themselves. General Prentiss was especially unfortunate, as he and his whole command were nearly all taken and immediately made prisoners of war. Under these circum-

stances (though there is much fault somewhere,) the *men* are not so much at fault as was first supposed. Oppose a body of men as brave individually, as strong as Hercules to a fully accoutred army of disciplined troops; let them be taken too by surprise, and they will not make a better effort than some of these who have been spoken of so slightly. The fault lies not with the men thus situated, but with those having command of them. Those officers who ordered the men to save themselves as best they could, soon after the attack was made upon them by the enemy, were far more cowardly than can be said by any one. The idea of permitting guards to sleep at improper periods, is far from justice to either them or others. It has been said and somewhat truly too, that greater cowards or scoundrels never existed, than those who permit others to do as much infamy as he is guilty of himself at all times. To allow our guards to sleep at such a time, was attributable to some of their officers; and that such fellows still remain in the service is rascally in the extreme. Some of them are still officers, and those fellows, cowards as they always were, feel themselves forgotten when they are not promoted. Major Ricker, in command of our first battalion must know several of them, because when he drove the cowards of our army from the river where they had fled this afternoon, the officers there pretended as an excuse, that it was sickness that was affecting them; and represented themselves as unfit at the present time for further service. We'll dress part of the shoulder strap gentry in petticoats the next fight we engage in, and leave them in camp to wash the high privates linen, while the latter will do better fighting without them.

8 o'clock P. M.—It is thought somewhere, that the enemy if they have prompt intelligence of our numbers here, and the large amount of Commissary stores remaining, may send a brigade in this direction ere morning. We scarcely believe this however, since they must be aware of the large reinforcements of troops we still pour into Pittsburgh. And they are not such fools as to divide their forces now to accomplish such an object; since, if they beat us again to-morrow they will capture them without any risk to themselves whatever. *But and if* are small and sometimes insignificant words; but if they whip us again to-morrow, *they shall have them.* To-morrow, yes, tomorrow, Wallace and Buell will have something to say and do to them, which will make their hearts ache. If thirty-five thousand taken too by surprise can contest the field with eighty or one hundred thousand Rebels for twelve hours, what will not our tried heroes do to them to-morrow, under the leadership of such commanders as Buell, Pope, Wallace, Nelson and Smith? Ah, if they only remain on the field until to-morrow, the Republic is safe, and the war much sooner ended.

April 7th., 1862.—Glory to God? the enemy are still on the ground, and the contest is renewed. Now gallant patriots to your posts, and show them you will not only “scotch the snake” of Rebellion, but crush it. Be your arms nerved and your hearts determined this day by the justness of your cause! Let every man but do his duty, and victory, glorious victory cannot fail to perch upon your standard.

Generals Nelson, M’Cook and Crittenden of Buell’s army, are commanding the second, fourth and fifth divisions thereof, are going to do good service here, and enter this mornings engagement first. Our six

divisions under McClelland, W. H. L. Wallace, Lew Wallace, Hurlburt, Sherman and Prentiss were, except Lew Wallace's division pretty badly used yesterday.

The sixth under Prentiss is about gone, and those under Sherman and Hurlburt have lost a great many. McClelland and W. H. L. Wallace are also severe losers; the numbers being in killed, wounded and missing about two thousand each. Having ascertained our plans, the Secesh Generals struck at a time when such a blow was not expected. They thought to surprise us with an overwhelming force, and drive us into the river, by means of creating a sudden panic among our divisions. That this was their great design, their private advance and sudden attack yesterday clearly proves. Sherman's and Hurlburt's divisions were attacked near Shiloh Church, they being the left wing and the first attacked; consequently their losses were severe. It was here that Waterhouse and Taylor's batteries opened upon the Rebel forces, and their fire across an open field became general. The enemy then left flanked General Sherman, and drove Prentiss's corps partly to the rear. He had fallen back about nine o'clock A. M. Apple and Munger's regiments, under Colonel Hildebrand then left the batteries of Waterhouse and Taylor and also retreated; we losing three of Waterhouse's guns there. Taylor's battery still at Shiloh, was ordered to fall back on the Hamburg road, which they did, securely accompanied by McDowell and Buckland's forces. Captain Behr's battery was all lost near by, the men flying from their guns on the approach of the enemy. McDowell and Buckland joined McClelland, the right, by orders at about ten A. M.; and all our camps on the left were soon after taken by the enemy. Previous to this, Gen-

eral Hurlburt had received orders, and advanced the second brigade under Colonel Veatch to the left of Sherman, which went into action immediately after their arrival, and fought well and hard, as any force on earth could do. They were the twenty-fifth Indiana, and the fourteenth, fifteenth and forty-sixth Illinois.

These men soon formed line of battle, and moving on to the attack met Sherman's flying men on the roads along the route for miles. They had been completely surprised by the enemies attack, and strewed their blankets, knapsacks and guns along the route as they fled. These men in this brigade tried hard to stand up to fighting; but as almost everything was breaking up around them, they could not do so any length of time short of being annihilated. They poured in a few well directed volleys, and then reluctantly retreated, firing however as they fell back. Their loss was quite heavy, as all, or nearly all their field officers were killed or wounded.

Hildebrands forces were evidently poor fighters in this instance, as they flinched in a short time under the appalling fire sent at them. It is said of them by a writer, that they "had no stomach for fight, since no command or entreaty of officers—no appeal to their patriotism, or to their sense of shame—no taunt of cowardice or threats disgrace could call them again into action." They drifted through the lines of Hurlburt and McClelland and for the rest of the day found safety and repose under the river bank, some taking logs and drowning instead of swimming across the river. The balance ready at any moment to seize the transport steamers gone below to Savanna. About half past ten o'clock A. M., the enemy made a furious attack upon General McClelland's whole force; but a brigade under

McDowell came up, and attacking the left flank of the Secessionist army, forced them back some distance for a time, probably four or five hours; and then our men taking cover of a wooded valley, and some fallen timber in the rear, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing ground, were finally compelled to retreat. The almost deafening sound of firing were all that could be heard at the time, and plainly showed that the contest on both sides was for victory or death. The fervor knew no bounds as they were evidently bent on works of destruction.

In extenuation of the conduct of Sherman's men, he has said that his division was made up of new regiments, nearly all of whom received their arms at Paducah, Ky. None of them were ever under fire before, or beheld heavy columns of an enemy bearing down upon them as they did yesterday on the sixth of April. The General did not expect the coolness or steadiness of older troops among them, nor did other persons; and they were all right enough, for green troops are not as fit to fight an enemy as older ones. Hurlbut's division who were in reserve, saved Sherman and Prentiss by solidly keeping the ranks of his first, and third brigades in front, after he received the request to assist them; which he did with the forty-first, twenty-eighth, and thirty-second Illinois, and third Iowa. The thirty-first and forty-fourth Indiana, and the seventeenth and twenty-fifth Kentucky regiments, and the first and second battalions of the fifth O. V. C., Mans' battery, Ross' battery, the second Michigan, and Myers thirteenth Ohio battery, altogether drew near the left of Prentiss' line; but his regiments drifted through our advance. Prentiss making strong efforts to prevent them doing so, at last succeeded in

rallying a large portion of his men ; and they redeemed their honor in maintaining the line they again formed, and remained near Hurlbut's third and fighting brigade. Shortly, previous to this however, Myers thirteenth Ohio battery was deserted by the officers and men belonging to it ; and this rascally piece of cowardice on their part will, we hope and trust, cause every one of them to receive trial and death as soon as ever we end this battle.

Ross' battery lost many men here, and it was ordered to the rear, when Man's battery, maintaining its fire very steadily, sent shot and shell into the enemy's ranks, and kept its position steadily, until we were all compelled to retreat nearer the river. (The Cincinnati Times' correspondent, Mr. Spencer, wrote all about this matter of yesterday's battle, and in order to tell more than I or some others know concerning the matter, and in order to place one of his letters here, I have left this place open. I have seen the writer frequently, who is a gentleman well liked by us all, and writer for a newspaper we well love).

"With the first demonstration of the enemy upon the left wing, it was to be seen that all the fury was being poured out upon it, with the determination that it should give way. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, and I could liken the explosion of the small arms to nothing save a cane brake in a state of conflagration. The Mississippi riflemen, a large and well organized body of good marksmen and desperate men, fought with a valor that was only equalled by those who received their unerring fire and returned it with an energy which assured them that many of those who had received the fire at Fort Donelson were in the ranks before them.

THE ADVENTURES OF A VOLUNTEER.

In this quarter it seemed, for the period of nearly an hour, that the enemy would succeed in driving our forces. Three different times they drove our men slowly before them until they came in sight of the river and were plainly visible to those on the main landing below. Up to 3 o'clock, it will be remembered, the battle raged with a fury which defies description. At every point the rebels found every attempt to break our lines unavailing. They had striven to drive in our main columns, and, finding that impossible, had turned all their strength upon our left wing. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attack on our center and fought like tigers. They found our lines well prepared for, and in full expectation of their coming; every man to his post, and all waiting to bring the contest to a definite conclusion.

In hourly expectation of the arrival of the forces under Gens. Nelson and Thomas, who were at Savanna and to whom messages had been sent, (a fact as well known to the secessionists as ourselves,) they made every effort to rout our forces before these reinforcements should have come forward. They were, however, fighting against a wall of fire and steel, manned by as brave hearts as ever smelled the essence of gunpowder. Volley answered to volley, and for a time the battle of the morning was re-enacted over the same ground, and with the same vigor on both sides.

At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the firing of the enemy, their lines falling back on the center for the distance, perhaps, of nearly a mile. They then suddenly wheeled and again threw their whole force upon the left wing, determined to make the final struggle of the day in that quarter. The gunboat Lexington, in the meantime, had arrived from Savanna,

and after sending a messenger to Gen. Grant to ascertain the direction in which the enemy lay then from the river, the two boats took position about half a mile above the landing and poured their shell up a deep ravine, reaching the river to their right. The shots were thick and fast, and told with a thrilling effect.

In the meantime General Wallace had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, and appeared suddenly on the right wing of the enemy. In face of this combination of circumstances, the rebels felt that their enterprise was for the day a failure, and, as night was about at hand, fell back, fighting as they went, until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear, and yet occupying the main road to Corinth.

The gunboats continued to send their shell after them until they got entirely beyond their reach. Thus ends an outline of the battle of the first day."

The Times' correspondent made but one mistake in this letter, which was "the arrival of General Wallace that day." He had lost his way and therefore did not arrive until after dark; but to-day he is there, and is just gone into the fracas now, as his Quartermaster General has told all about it to us here. We have full intelligence from officers arrived here of the wounded, of the battle, and we will go there this morning, if permitted to do so. It was General W. H. L. Wallace whose division had arrived: the leader and second in command, General McArthur, who got there, and kept the enemy at bay yesterday until the day's fighting was ended. The mortally wounding of these two leaders occurred here, and Colonel Tuttle took the command. McClernand's forces also did a heavy duty. In fact nearly all our men fought nobly during the

battle. The regiments of Illinois, the 14th especially, and the 25th Indiana, and the 5th O. V. C., partly saved us from a complete destruction on this day. It was the skill of the rebel generals which partly defeated us, and drove us towards the river bank, about 4 P. M. It was about this time McClelland did so nobly, and caused charges by noble western soldiers, which sent back to bay the secesh Tigers, Avalanches, Zouaves, Gladiators and Invincibles, who attacked us, and caused the bloodiest battlefield the Union ever had since it was first formed. An observer of the field and contest to-day thus wrote in regard to this terrible battle:

“ Each man fought as if success or defeat depended on his own right arm; and charge after charge was made upon the rebels to regain the ground we had lost. They stood firm as a rock; and though our artillery often swept down their ranks and left fearful gaps in their columns, they manifested no trepidation, nor did they waver for a moment. The living supplied the place of the dead; the musket that had fallen from a lifeless hand was seized at once, and the horrid strife swept on as before. The force of the enemy appeared increasing, and where the greatest havoc was made, there the strongest opposition was shown. Hand to hand contests were innumerable. Every struggle was for life. Quarter was asked on neither side, and the ground drank up the blood of hundreds of brave fellows every hour. Men lost their semblance of humanity, and the spirit of the demon shone in their faces; there was but one desire, and that was to destroy; there was little shouting; the warriors were too much in earnest; they set their teeth firm, and strained every nerve to its utmost tension. Death lost all its

terrors, and men seemed to feast upon the sight of blood."

On the next day, we having been reinforced, as I stated before, by two or three divisions of Buell's army, one of which (Nelson's) having taken a part in the previous evening's strife, we shortly after daylight again commenced the fight, our division under Lew Wallace taking the right, and forming the right wing. Buell's division took the left, upon which the rebel artillery first opened fire. They soon engaged here on both sides; but the advantage was with us. The greatest number of rebel infantry were, however, gathered in stronger force on our right wing, in order to fall upon that and drive Wallace from his position; he drove back the rebels, using Thompson's and Thirber's batteries, and halting upon a bluff to await the appearance of Sherman's forces for a co-operation to recapture our camp that was taken yesterday. Sherman had gone to McClernand, however, and soon Wallace changed front, and being protected by Snake Creek, it became necessary for him to half-wheel the whole division, which he did, the 1st brigade occupying the strip of woods near Thirber's battery which Thompson formerly occupied whilst his ammunition lasted.

The rebels made an attack at this, but they were soon driven back by the 8th Missouri, who sent a fire at them which caused their immediate flight, our regiment suffering but little. The rebels were in the woods principally, being driven there by our 1st and 2nd brigades, who held for some time all their positions in front of the woods. Our left, then under Sherman, advanced, covered by Lieut. Woods' Chicago Light Artillery, and gained General McClernand's old camp on the road to Corinth. It was here that Buell's Veterans were met

by them, and gave them a confidence previously unpossessed, and they entered the hitherto dreaded woods, a portion under McCook and Rousseau, and soon sent the enemy, commanded as they were by Beauregard, Polk, Bragg and Breckinridge, flying. This was about the centre, and it was here that McCook's division did their best fighting, and drove the enemy along the way they came, the centre of the field of battle which they stole along to yesterday morning. Hurlbut's forces, on the left, were also doing good service at this time near McClernand, and while successfully engaged in stopping a flank movement of the enemy, held their ground until all the firing ceased. Lew Wallace having forced the enemy to the right, pushed on his columns until the rebel cavalry, in strong force, tried to cut our right flank, but were soon driven off by some of the 1st Nebraska regiment, and the 23rd Indiana, the 11th Indiana, the 58th Ohio, the 76th Ohio, 28th Ohio, 78th Ohio, and 20th Ohio.

When we entered the woods we never stopped, but drove them on, while Beauregard was trying to induce the stoppage of his flying forces by all the talk in his power, but unfavorably to him or them.

The contest now about 4 P. M. was raging in all directions, until at last the enemy being driven in all directions were routed; and our men cheered as they moved along. Buell drove the enemy's right wing. While we were driving the left under Wallace, the Seesh fled to their camps, which were two mile beyond ours, and which were previous to yesterday's fight, occupied by General Sherman. Terrill's and Mendenhall's batteries attacked them near this camp, and was the cause of taking a good many pieces of their artillery, and caused their repulse on a great many occasions.

Their attack here was rather severe, until they were repulsed by General Rousseau's brigade; then the enemy were completely repulsed on our center and right; and General McClernand's headquarters retaken by his forces, the enemy fled through open fields and only reformed when they got to the woods beyond. They had been contesting terribly along our lines, and many of our men having discharged all their ammunition, we expended a long time in completely exhausting and driving the enemy pell mell before us. The Rebels tried to increase the vigor of their attack then, but to no purpose; for receiving a new amount of ammunition brought to Rousseau's brigade, these dispositions caused an advance of our whole force, and a quick retreat of the enemy in every direction. Beauregard made every endeavor in this instance, by command and appeal along his lines, and exposure of his person, to stay his troops retreat; but he was disregarded in these instances, and his men all fled hastily along the Corinth roads.

The nature of our pursuit was feeble, as the direction to move was poor, and our Cavalry movements were feeble enough, and our harassing for a time somewhat restrained; our pursuit therefore, for more than a mile or two was comparatively useless. The topography of the country was so little known, that it was considered hazardous to penetrate into the enemy's ranks. The neglect of our Generals on this account, was considered a rather unfortunate success — victory or consolation to all of us — and therefore, our great triumph was not as well heralded as should have been. Many have written home about this battle, who say that previous to this day's fight, they expected failures in regard to conquest, as

they were far from being as numerous and as well posted about position as the enemy were. This, however, was proved a grand mistake, although we were not like some of the enemy, residents near the place where we fought at. We trust to meet the Rebel scoundrels soon, and give them all they deserve. May they never be able to gain a success, we pray.

Tuesday morning, April 8th., 1862.—On this eventful morn, I, in company with two other persons on horseback, started with our Lieutenant's consent from Crump's Landing to the field of battle; in order to find our third battalion, which was reported near or beyond Shiloh Church; and by hasty riding we crossed snake creek, and arrived at the field near Pittsburgh Landing in one hour from the time we started. Along this road two-thirds of the farm houses had raised white flags in order to show their peacefulness to the victorious on either side; but whether or not they were Unionists we care but very little. We thought then, and we yet believe that it was only real fear that raised such flags, and not true feeling; and that there was more Southern than Northern feeling amongst them at all times.

The battlefield is some four or five miles in length, and in many parts beyond a mile in width. This is nearly all covered with dead, the Rebels being as much as five to one. There are articles of many kinds, such as carbines, guns, ammunition, horses, wagons, and artillery laying all around through the field, some of which have been picked up by many of our own men of small regiments, and taken by various Quartermasters. The unfaltering heroism of a great many of our Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa and Michigan boys, was very great yesterday, and their losses very

severe, for which we all trust their country will do them honor; and remember that they fought the same ground over several times, against majorities of the enemy, who, enthusiastic as they often are, were finally compelled to retreat (as large dogs do from small ones very frequently,) and left everything they were possessed of in the hands of their foes. The field was well covered with bodies lying dead all over it. In digging the graves there were frequently over one hundred bodies placed in one hole, principally Rebels; their dead being at least three to one of ours. There was scarcely a place upon the whole field upon which many dead were not lying, and our men digging their graves; in one of which nearly two hundred bodies were placed ere it was covered up. Near this, on the limb of a large tree, was a portion of the leg of an artilleryman, which was taken down by ropes and placed in the cover so necessary for it. This was close to the place General Grant sat upon his horse, about 4 o'clock P. M. on Sunday evening, and where Captain Carson, our scout, was killed, and several others were wounded; and to the left of where Sherman, had his head not been somewhat lowered, would also have received a fatal wound. There was scarcely a tree about here which had not from one to twenty shot holes placed in it, mostly of cannon balls, and largely of shot. To the left of this also, Hurlbut came near his end of life; it was here my two companions separated from me, and I therefore, made off towards Shiloh Church, where it was represented our third battalion had first gone, in order to do more service if necessary. As I went on the road towards where our men were said to be then, I saw Rebel wagons, caissons of artillery, and dead horses in large numbers lying, with tents and sutler's

boxes in all directions ; and so I hastened on, until at last I found our men formed in lines of battle in front of Sherman's division. Shortly after my arrival we were ordered to advance, and just then one of our regiments, the seventy-first Ohio was attacked by Rebel Cavalry, and were compelled, with many killed and wounded, to retreat. *Then* we received orders to advance, with the third battalion of eleventh Illinois Cavalry behind us about a mile, in order to prevent the enemy making an attack upon our rear ; and if they were near us to fight them and capture all we could. We then started along the main Corinth road, and instead of going one mile we went out six—never discovering until we reached a creek, the Cavalry we were after. Here they burned the bridge, and we could go no further ; but formed a line of battle, endeavoring to cause a melee, to no purpose, however, as we only captured a negro servant with the horse of a Rebel Captain, at the place. We went far beyond where we were ordered to go, much against the will of the Commander of the eleventh Illinois, who was with us ; but Major Hayes of ours was determined on a fight, and promotion if possible ; and so all had to go and do as he thought best. We liked it well enough, although we unexpectedly returned without a battle, as we were sure we would have ere we got back to camp again.

Along our course there were many small Rebel camps on both sides of the road, and out some four miles on the left hand side was a large hospital full of Rebel wounded, and several physicians attending upon them. These we did not trouble going out or coming in ; but I, a quartermaster sergeant, and only a volunteer in thus going, could often see what was about us ; as I was not

in the ranks, and corresponded with a paper once a week while in the service.

After returning I was again compelled to go back to Crump's Landing, which I did immediately, arriving about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. There I was compelled by orders to remain with our sick, a large number of whom were in beds in their tents. The men who had left the battlefield on Sunday and came here flying, were compelled to return by their officers. There were 5,000 of them, most of whom were cowardly villains, and hid in the woods when they discovered themselves sought for.

10th of April.—Here Mr. Hurst, formerly a merchant in Purdy, twenty miles from us, was raising a regiment of his neighbors and acquaintances, and had some 200 men, who were placed in tents, and received clothing and provisions from us, but, as yet, no horses, as these animals are scarce at present. They seem resolved to be firmly in favor of our Union cause, and are generally large, stout men. The weather seems quite good here now; the sun shines pleasantly, and birds and snakes are becoming plentiful. A good many deaths are taking place here at this period, and our graveyard on top of the hill, near the river, is becoming quite large. Col. Canbry, of the 72nd Ohio, and others who were brought here wounded, have expired. Colonel Canbry was shot through the breast; and his wife, on a visit to him, only arrived after he died. We have many wounded here of this 72nd regiment, also of the 57th, 48th and 54th Ohioans. The 11th, 40th, 15th and 61st Illinois, the Colonel of whom, Mr. Moore, is killed, and the Major wounded. The 6th Iowa, the 21st and 25th Missouri, have also some of their wounded here; but they are well treated by our doc-

tors, and we hope they will soon be permanently cured. Boats filled with soldiers keep coming up the river and pass us here, cheered and wished all kinds of good luck after their arrival at Pittsburgh Landing.

April 13th.—This morning a Colonel of our army, commanding two regiments near Adamsville, 4 miles from here, have sent in asking us to bring out 100 cavalry, in order to capture several rebel officers, who are now at home, between him and Purdy, and obtain all the news for him we can. This we cannot do, as our battalion has been gone several days to the advance of Grant's force. We raised ten men here, however; and although our 1st Lieutenant, John H——d, was at first opposed to so few of us going to do perilous work, he at last consented, and out we went to the Colonel who sent for 100 of us, and from him receiving the loan of guns, and the order to not go very far with so few men. Away we started on the Purdy road, and at Adamsville captured John Combs, a rebel adjutant, and I sent him by one of our men back to the Colonel from whom we had received the carbines and orders shortly before. We immediately put out again, and searched some of the houses as we went along, in order to find rebels or arms, with which they had been provided at the battle. About three miles beyond Adamsville we found in a house a dying rebel soldier, who began to weep as we entered; seeing that he was nearly gone, we left there, and again starting off, we saw some three or four men riding up the same way we were going, and we halted, in order to attack and destroy them, provided they were secessionists, but they proved to be Major Hurst, Mr. Browning and members of our regiment; and as they advised, we started to Purdy, in order to capture there all the rebel

officers, residents of the place, who were residing there, and supposed to be at home, although the principal portion of the secesh army had gone to Corinth in fear of our attacking this point, and that as soon as we could possibly do so. Major Hurst proved himself a very daring person, or he would not have advised us to take the place he had been driven from by the rebels shortly after the war commenced, and had his store robbed of all his goods and nearly demolished. He knew what to do, and the time to do it in, and we gladly went through the creeks, with bridges torn down, and the woods, until we arrived at the top of the hill, one mile from the town. There we halted, in order to observe all we could in every direction, and to obtain Hurst's order how to proceed. We asked the men with us if they were willing to enter the place, and they all decided on going, if Hurst wished them to do so. Then one-half were ordered to a Colonel's residence at the left end of Main street, and the rest, seven men of us, to proceed on our entry to the other end of Main street, and there capture another rebel officer, who resided in a beautiful and large white house. Brown-ing resided near here formerly, and led us to this residence, which we gallopped on to, and soon searched. We found no man there, however, the place having only women, one of whom was the wife of the owner. She stated that her husband had gone to Corinth, according to orders from General Beauregard, and pretended to be quite sorry that Americans were now fighting each other and destroying the whole nation. The Colonel at the other end of the street was gone also, and so we went where we all met, out towards Bethel, four miles from Purdy, in order to search another rebel officer's house. On the way we saw a horseman, who

mounted on and riding a mule, which he dismounted on seeing us, endeavored to escape by getting in the woods near the roadside. We outran him, however, and made him a quick capture, when he proved to be a good fellow and a neighbor of Hurst's, at Purdy. He gave us some good intelligence, and pointed out a place, where we remained some minutes, until we captured a wagon, which was covered, and contained two inmates, one of whom we took prisoner. His name was Boyle, and he was a rebel bridge-burner. We returned towards our camp shortly afterwards by another route, which was forty miles from there, in order to discover benefits for our forces, and to make prisoners of one Colonel Massingill and others who were said to be then at home, and supposed to have present a few men, whom we could take as prisoners of war as soon as we arrived. In a few miles we came near Massingill's house, which stood on top of a hill; and as we got to this, Hurst, ordering a hasty advance, we galloped up to the residence, and ten of us entering immediately. We halted there, whilst I and one of our men entered, and were searching the rooms, up stairs and down, when I heard the report of a pistol outside. I immediately left searching, and heard the crying of Massingill's wife and children before I went to see what caused the shooting outside. When I got beyond the door I saw a negro woman, slave of the rebel Colonel, who told me that she had informed my men of her master being hid in a corn-house outside, and that he was shot there because he would not come out when ordered to do so by one of our men. I immediately proceeded to the corn-crib, and there I saw Massingill, who was shot near and below the elbow, by order of Major Hurst, while I was inside

searching. It was hard to do, yet it had to be done, for the rebel Colonel ought to have come out of his hiding place when twice ordered to do so. Taking one of his horses out of the stable, and fixing up his arm as well as possible, we got him mounted and brought him along as our second prisoner.

Shortly after this, we entered another rebel domicile, and there found Hatcher, a rebel soldier, whom we also took along with us to camp as prisoner of war.

As it began to rain shortly after, heavily, we returned to camp giving up our arms and prisoners to the Colonel near Adamsville. He thanked us very much for our services, and took our names in order to do us some further service as soon as he possibly could. He seems a very good man, and a true soldier; and it is our wish that he will some day be promoted to a General.

April 14th., 1862.—The sutlers here are now doing a heavy business; they have opened a large amount of eatables, and some of them drinking matter of rather a strong description. There is one of them near the river belonging to the fifty-eighth Ohio, who sells here by the drink out of open barrels, and makes a great deal of money by it. Whether he is granted this permission or not it is hard to say; but one thing is certain—he ought not to be allowed to do so by the military authorities here at present. If any such permission was granted them so close to soldiers camps, then ought every soldier desiring it receive a furlough immediately.

One of the sergeants in this regiment has his wife with him from the time they left home. She was a washer-woman in the camp, and made considerable money through her employment. She had a hard bunk however, being compelled to sleep in her husbands

tent, and cook his meals there continually. Ed. B., one of our boys here discovered her presence, and become so much in love with her, (she being very handsome,) that he immediately brought her some washing; and soon after presented her payment with a one dollar bill, State bank of Indiana; this, she being a German and stranger to that State, did not know, and asked for other money. Ed. stated that it was perfectly good, and that it was at present all the kind he had. Upon this assertion she became angry, and calling her husband desired the immediate whipping of so daring a fellow; which the husband would have done, if he could, had not one of Ed's. friends who come along, and having the change, lent the immediate payment of the lady's charge; and carried his corporal off with him to camp, informing him of the marriage of the lady to the sergeant who was going to strike him. As soon as Ed. discovered this, his gallantry on the occasion was gone; and ever after he talked of her without any admiration whatever.

There are a good many steamers here loaded with provisions and forage at present; the hands of which, (except their Officers,) care very little for soldiers, although they buy and sell to them on all occasions. They have many Rebel articles in arms and clothing, which they probably have use for at home; if not, these things should be, in many cases returned or delivered to the Government.

We have moved out some four or five miles from the landing; and having fixed our tents, we are told to remain till further orders.

April 19th., 1862.—Storm and rain deters our Cavalrymen at present from scouting out very far, or advancing towards the Rebel stronghold at Corinth, Miss.

April 23rd.—The weather has become a great deal better, and to-day the sun shines out beautifully, and gladdens the face of nature. To-day we all make more proper appearances publicly, than during recent stormy and tent filling weather. Lomax, a stout Tennessean has joined us here; he is much acquainted around this neighborhood, and is desirous of showing us some fine positions and roads, that may hereafter do us good service. This morning our battalion has removed to another command, which was caused by our want of proper weapons. My letter to the Times explains the whole matter. It is this:—Messrs Editors:—Owing to a deficiency of arms, we, to our lasting regret, are detached from the division of General Lew. Wallace, and are placed in his rear with General Davis of the second division. This, we trust, is but a temporary arrangement, and is the first step toward furnishing us with proper arms, and rendering our efficiency more complete. What leads me to this belief is the fact, that on last evening we complied with an order from the Commanding General to return to the proper quarter all our worthless firearms, which includes every pistol in our possession. It is said we will receive Colt's revolvers, which, I trust is true; as they are about the best weapon of the kind for army use; being the least liable of any other, to get out of order.

We are encamped one mile and a half from the landing, close to the ground the Rebels lay under arms upon the night of Sunday, the memorable sixth of April last. The eighty-first Ohio is within one hundred yards of us; and the graves of Captain Armstrong and Lieutenant Post of that regiment are within thirty feet of my tent. The bodies lay on top of one of the

slight eminences around us ; and the spot was marked out to his men, the morning of the battle by Captain Armstrong ; who told them that, in case he fell, he desired them to lay him there, with only the same ceremony the commonest private was interred with. Noble, gallant soldier ! how few you left behind you are fit to compare with you in all the excellent qualities which go to make the man of honor ! Alas, that all officers are not as you were.

We have received intelligence that the enemy are about evacuating Corinth, and are falling back on Jackson, Mississippi—and “if so why so ?” We are not following them as closely as a hound would a hare.

We have just endured a four days almost continual rain, and are nearly drowned out. The God of battle intending to wash out the stain of human blood from the bosom of the earth, has sent this upon us for our sins ; and so taking it, we weathered the “ pelting of the pitiless storm ” like Frazans : “ Shine out, bright sun,” etc., etc.

Captain Armstrong’s father and brother have arrived, and are now engaged in raising the body of the late commander of company B, eighty-first Ohio, in order to take it home. They seem much affected at their loss ; yet, while they shed manly tears, find words to encourage the soldiers around them to the performance of their duties as men and as patriots. Brave hearts ! They are truly of the blood of the hero lying stark and stiff before them.

We, the third battalion, expect to rejoin the other two battalions after receiving our new arms, which will be very gratifying to the whole regiment ; as in that case we will be under the eye of Colonel Taylor, and be battling in the van once more. Major Hayes,

our battalion commander, is much liked by his men, and sees to their comfort as much as possible; he is very anxious to be again on duty, and leading his men against the foe. There is no discount on Major Hayes. The boys are all well again, or as Pat. Dignan says, "They could ait a cart-horse and pull his load." They join me in sending their best respects to the "Times."

April 28th., 1862.—This day has been somewhat unfortunate with our company, as George Wausborough has just departed, and was shortly after buried. He was a most excellent young man, one who was always well liked by every person acquainted with him. His brother Arthur, still remains with us.

Lew Wallace's division advanced to-day to Pea Ridge. There is very heavy firing this evening in that direction. Our regiment, and the fourth and eleventh Illinois Cavalry is with his Infantry and Artillery. His advance is toward Purdy, near which we have burned three railroad bridges and captured and destroyed a locomotive, taking its engineer and four other persons on it prisoners. We have also driven the Secesh Cavalry and Infantry posted near Purdy, into the woods near by, killing eight and taking some thirty prisoners. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial went with our regiment to know all about our transactions and publish them, and his letter in regard to the matter, being fuller and better than I could write it may describe what we have accomplished in this expedition. It is as follows:

Camp Shiloh, five miles from Pittsburgh Landing, April 30, 1862. They pretty greatly err who calculate the amount of good accomplished and the amount of suffering and privation undergone by the soldier in the present war, from the number of great

battles in which he has been engaged; or the number of severe contests hand to hand through which he has passed; and in civil life the remark is too frequently made, that such a regiment or such a company has done no service, because its name occupies no place in the long list of those who faced the Rebel fire at Donelson or Shiloh. People are slow to believe that in war especially, great results are often traceable to apparently trivial sources. The destruction of a railroad bridge has been in many cases more detrimental to the "Southern" cause, than the loss of a thousand men on the battlefield; yet the former would not justify, according to the views of ordinary newspaper readers, one tenth of the head lines and exclamations necessary to give the latter its due prominence in the columns of the dailies. This much by way of introduction.

On Sunday morning, 28th., General Grant ordered General Wallace to make a demonstration in the neighborhood of Purdy, a town of about eight hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles distant from our camp; deriving a small degree of importance from its location on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. It is about twenty miles from Corinth on a direct railroad line. It was not known when the expedition started; what force the Rebels had at the point; but it was supposed they had a pretty strong garrison there, and were prepared to repel such a Cavalry "dash" as is ordinarily made for the destruction of railroad bridges. Accordingly, it was determined to send a large force, and to make the attack partake of the nature of a surprise. Seven regiments of Infantry from General Wallace's division, including the seventy-eighth and twentieth Ohio, two batteries of artillery, and the fourth and eleventh Illinois and fifth Ohio Cavalry were ordered to be in read-

iness by noon, with three days cooked rations. The preparations in the camp in which I chanced to be at the time the order was received, (the destination was of course not stated) were of such an extensive scale that I thought the long expected movement against Corinth was about to be made, and without further deliberation resolved to proceed with Colonel Taylor's regiment.

We started at 2 o'clock P. M.; Wallace with the artillery and infantry in advance. Our road lay through the woods, swamps, and ravines, over "corduroy" bridges and swollen creeks—through mud and water of every variety of depth and thickness. The weather, when we left camp, was very fine, though very warm; the sun, pouring his rays down upon us with tropical vigor, made it uncomfortable to ride and fatiguing to march; and we had proceeded but a few miles when the effect became visible in the many returning stragglers from the infantry regiments, who lazily dragged their muskets and themselves in a homeward direction.

We passed a number of very respectable residences—the first of the kind seen by this army since its occupation of Pittsburgh. They are all owned by wealthy men, every one of whom, we learned, are more or less identified with the rebel cause; some are in the Confederate army; others contributed of their means to its support. A couple of officers stopped at one of the houses to ask for a drink of water. The inmates, an elderly woman, two handsome daughters, and a few young contrabands, appeared very much excited at the approach of the Federal warriors. Before the officers had time to state the peaceful object of their visit to the domicile, the elderly lady eagerly exclaimed, "He

didn't mean to go, but they told him he must, or he'd be took prisoner." "We would like to get a drink of water, if you please;" said Captain H——, "We are very thirsty." "Oh, yes; certainly;" replied the agreeably astonished matron, "I thought as how ye had come after my son, because he was in the Southern army." A conversation followed which resulted in the revelation that a son of the hostess had been drafted for Beauregard's army; that he had fought at Pittsburgh Landing and was dangerously wounded in the first day's battle. He was conveyed to Corinth. His mother became apprised of his condition, and immediately sought the Confederate military authorities, of whom she obtained a "sick furlough" for him. He is now under the maternal roof, but will not survive his injuries.

At about 6 o'clock we halted in the woods, midway between Pittsburgh and Purdy. After an hour's delay General Wallace ordered the infantry and artillery to bivouac for the night, and the cavalry to proceed to Purdy. The General himself made his headquarters for the night in a neat frame house in the neighborhood. The woods were soon illuminated with the great fires the soldiers built, and around which they gathered to pass away the night. Strong picket guards were stationed in every direction, so that the improvised Federal city in the wilderness of Tennessee felt secure from a rebel surprise.

The cavalry, numbering in all about two thousand, continued its road to Purdy. Colonel Dickey, of the 4th Illinois, was in command. We had enjoyed a few hours of pleasant riding since 5 o'clock, but now our prospects changed, but not for the better. As evening changed into night, the sky became thickly clouded,

and in less than an hour after our second start, the rain began to fall in torrents. The road grew worse and worse, as we advanced, and the night darker and darker every hour. We proceeded, however, making our way by the dim outlines of the forest on either side of us. We had a guide, but he was a poor one, and had less confidence in himself than we had in him. The rain continued; at times it was furious. A great many of our men were unprovided with overcoats or waterproof blankets, but the word was, Forward to Purdy.

What was hitherto darkness became impenetrable blackness until we could not discern an object three feet ahead of us. Consider two thousand men now galloping along a narrow road, now wading through a black swamp, and once or twice almost swimming a swiftly running creek, and all of this in the darkest night that any of the two thousand men ever saw. The "clashing of arms" was for once a welcome noise, and formed the only guide by which we kept together.

At about 12 o'clock we came to a halt about two miles from Purdy, Colonel Dickey fearing, and very properly, that the whole party would get lost before morning. As it was, a number of our men had abandoned the hope of being able to keep up with us, and had remained along the road behind us. A whole company at one time declared their inability to proceed; and still it rained harder than ever. After standing still an hour, under the "pelting of the pitiless storm," "About face" was ordered and we started for the point where we left the infantry, arriving there just at daylight. Here the men were ordered to dismount and feed their horses. The effect of the night's "tramp" was visible in every countenance. Many of our stout-

est and hardiest men "gave out" altogether, and were compelled to return to camp, when morning came. Some of them laid down on the roadside, glad to seize this opportunity of an hour's "rest," even though the rain beat heavily on their closed eyelids.

At 5 o'clock the order was given for us to return—not to camp, but to Purdy. Many of us received the order with dissatisfaction, and some obeyed it with reluctance. Col. Taylor, of the 5th O. V. C., was taken seriously ill, (he was quite unwell when we left camp,) and could not command his regiment; the Lieutenant Colonel, also, was compelled from sickness to abandon his intention of returning; so the command devolved upon the Senior Major, E. G. Ricker, an officer who has given frequent proofs of his efficiency and valor. The entire cavalry force started back, and in a couple of hours were in Purdy. They were disappointed to learn that about one hundred rebels who had garrisoned the place, had left just in time to save themselves.

Col. Dickey sent a small force to skirmish two miles below Purdy, (there were 3,000 rebels at Bethel, four miles below) while another force destroyed the railroad bridge, two miles above it. The work was accomplished; the bridge was torn up, and the connection between Purdy and Corinth completely destroyed. While the men were at work, a locomotive with four men—two officers, one engineer and a fireman—came from Bethel to ascertain what was the matter. I should have said that our men had cut their telegraph wires also; this caused the alarm at Bethel. Our skirmishers withdrew; let the locomotive pass by to where the road was torn up, and then issued forth to demand a "surrender." The four men were taken prisoners, the

locomotive destroyed, and thus ended the expedition. None of our men were killed by the enemy; but I fear many of them will die from exposure to inclement weather, and the fatigue of the trip experienced by all.

The cavalry returned to camp last night; the infantry and artillery this morning. After what we had gone through, our leaky tents appear to us like metropolitan hotels. I will speak for myself, and say, I want no more expeditions for several days to come."

This letter is from "Mack," and is a very good one indeed. May he never be of a party in such leakiness hereafter.

April 29th.—There is heavy firing heard to-day in the direction of Corinth, towards which several of our regiments have proceeded. A large number of our men have permanently moved in that direction to-day. Sixty or eighty rebel prisoners have been captured and brought in here. One of them is a seriously-minded Southerner, and has attempted to cut one of his guards, an officer, who sat near him at dinner, on a steamer which has several secessionists, as prisoners, on board. This kind of work will do him as little good here as all his fighting formerly did in better and easier points.

April 30th.—Our battallion is ordered out again to-day under General Davis; the supposed destination is near Corinth. We have just received news of the capture of Yorktown, Virginia, and our boys feel very joyous over such good intelligence. Many of us are seeking newspapers, but they seem so scarce at present that it is a very hard matter to obtain one.

Our worthless pistols are returned to us. Colt's revolvers not to be had. This we dislike; as the

pistols we left Camp Dennison with are nearly all worthless.

Our gallant officer, Major Scherer, who has taught all of us sabre exercise, and is loved by us all, is here.

May 1st.—We have advanced out six miles on the Corinth road, and encamped for the night.

May 2d.—We have moved to-day under General Davis, and belong now to the second division. About two o'clock P. M. we arrived at Monterey some ten miles from Shiloh Church, meeting many sick soldiers on the route, who generally complain of our want of a sufficient number of doctors and hospitals along the route. Some of them seem quite uncared for, at present, and suffer very much under the circumstances. One of our teamsters has to-day become perfectly crazed by fever, and is held in his wagon in order that he shall not jump out as he desires to, and be run over. General Halleck has arrived, and he is well thought of here. He is a proper Commander in Chief, and his orders will be served with joyous alacrity always; May his shadow never be less.

May 4th.—To-day I have been attending to the discharge of our sick men, four in number; but there seems great trouble in obtaining their certificates. The doctor here seems to love brandy too well to examine them promptly; therefore, they will be compelled to remain here a while longer. Captain John Crawford, our old Commander has just arrived by steamer from Cincinnati, and determined to serve his country as a volunteer and sharpshooter, as long as possible. He has met with a great reception from his old friends, to whom he has brought many necessary articles. His kindness and gentlemanly qualities have always been excellent, and will forever be respected.

He left his six shooter gun and all his clothing on the steamer he came here upon; and with an order of his I procured them all from the mate, and delivered them to the Captain. The mate seemed to know that Captain Crawford was a soldier all through the Mexican war, and would not receive any payment from me for keeping these things safely.

The roads to-day are horrid as we move along, there having been a rain storm for two days past. There is great destruction of U. S. property along the route, of wagons, harness, mules and horses; and horrid smells from half buried bodies of the dead animals. Putrifying bodies of horses still remain above ground, and bring many cases of fever into debility as we move along. We still remain unarmed, except with sabres. The enemy are to-day reported to have formed in double lines of battle three miles this side of Corinth. There are supposed to be over one hundred thousand of Rebel forces in that vicinity. All our wagon trains are moving forward now without any guards, as there can be little or no danger in this neighborhood. We move along slowly but securely—if we only pass through the mud. The Rebel force is no longer scattered about this neighborhood as they used to be.

May 5th. — General Davis has ordered our Major to send an account of our arms and ammunition to him immediately, as we are to move on very soon. The Major reports fifteen rounds of *cartridges* for each *sabre*, we not having *firearms* to shoot cartridges from. Bully for the sabres!

Yesterday, Pope's division moving on the left from Hamburg towards Corinth, through a swampy road and over high hills came towards Farmington, a small place highly situated beyond an almost impassable ra-

vine. General's Paine and Palmer did the greatest part of the work here about ten o'clock A. M. They commanded the 10th, 16th, 22d, 27th, 42d, and 51st Illinois regiments; the 10th and 16th Michigan volunteers, with Yate's sharpshooters; Houghtailings Illinois, and Hazcocks Ohio batteries, with the second Michigan Cavalry. They, after proceeding four or five miles encountered the enemy's pickets, whom they soon drove off from behind trees and in thickets. Colonel Bissell's sappers and miners built all the bridges across creeks, which had been torn down lately by the enemy, and piloted our way as they removed obstructions.

At three o'clock P. M. the fight commenced in earnest, the enemy commanding the road; and we would not have gained the hill side where the Rebels had placed four pieces of cannon and were now firing them at us, but the 10th regiment under Colonel Morgan, and Yates sharpshooters, detoured to the right and left, and poured such fires of musketry upon the enemy, as sent their gunners in great confusion over a hill top to their second position, where they formed their second line of battle. This was to the right of the Farmington road and near a thick wooded country, and was close to an old cotton gin where a strong artillery duel took place, and great chivalry was shown on both sides, until some of our Infantry gaining their left flank, sent such a forcible fire at them, that they ran into the woods as though the devil were after them. The enemy fled in the direction of Corinth pursued by our Cavalry, while the Infantry entered the three housed and noble Southern city of Farmington. Near here we began intrenching along our whole front, as our positions were found tenable all along; and it was

done very quickly, especially by Pope's men, who can throw up and manage the soil as well as they can fight. These works are made strongly and soon settle, and are all constructed with embrasures for field pieces. The telegraph to the commanders tent is also fixed up, and we have complete possession of all our positions.

May 12th.—The weather continues warm and dry, and favors our advance which we have accomplished to-day, having moved four miles on our left flank. Captain Crawford is out in front skirmishing, which he has often so bravely done, that to-day General Sherman has offered him a position on his staff; but our Captain has respectfully declined it, because he does not want to leave us.

May 15th.—We have advanced again, having much skirmishing with the enemy's pickets. Our battalion Quartermaster C——, has left the service because he held no position as an officer. Captain Crawford has received orders from our Major to leave camp on account of jealousy between some of our officers. This, the men will not stand if they can avoid it, and we have written him a petition to Major General Halleck stating all he has done for us, how *he* raised us, and why he came out here and that he is doing great service since his arrival. Our old gentlemanly, soldierly Captain has returned here, having received papers of compliment, and made Captain of scouting parties by Major General Halleck; and ordered to report himself to our Commanding General Davis, and remain where he is as long as he thinks proper. Captain C., is now doing strong duty from seven o'clock A. M., until six P. M. He is doing splendid service every day, and as we are now but seventeen hundred yards from the enemy's outer works, and have sharp skirmishing; the

attempts to shoot him are numerous and his heroism is well known all along our front. To-day a red shirted Rebel, armed with a sort of mule cannon, which discharges shots of about one pound weight, is firing from a top fence rail near a rebel house on an eminence where are some two companies of the Secessionists, who occasionally dodge to the corners in order to fire with security at all our pickets and our scouts. This house affording shelter to the enemy in generally occupying the back part of it, and therefore deterring our men from an advance is an eyesore to them, and Captain C., making several efforts to take it has become well known to Redshirt, who peeps around a corner in order to see and fire at the Captain. This, however, is soon noticed, and the Captain fires at the mule cannon fellow twice, and misses him both times. This Redshirt seems to observe and watches the opportunity to discharge his piece at the bold Captain; but fails to accomplish what he aims at, and ere he takes shelter again the Captain who has treed for him, steps out and bells Mr. Redshirt when he again discharges his piece, and at this third fire from the Captain's piece, down falls Mr. Redshirt, and rolls and tumbles along the ground like a circus performer. Like Tom Sayers in his fight with Heenan, he makes ground and lofty tumblings until we take the position he occupied, and his mule driving cannon also. On the trees also were several Indians belonging to Price's troupe, several of whom we killed, who had fired at us planted in limbs, the balance like their Rebel friends beat a hasty retreat as we advanced. A dashing Aid-de-camp of ours endeavored to send two of us across a creek we come to this afternoon but failing to do so, in he rode himself; but was dashed off immediately as it was a rather deeper

place than he imagined, and only saved himself by clinging to his horses tail and getting across to the other bank.

May 19th.—The weather here is changeable—it has been raining all last night. We are all in line of battle, except some builders of breast works who are engaged in the advance. The Rebels have advanced here to day with hot firing; but have been shelled out quickly. Our musketry has felled at least one dozen of them, whose bodies lay upon the ground behind us. Two of our Cavalry boys are shot, one of whom is killed. Our men were sixty hours on the last picket duty. There was a hot spot near the enemy to which our battalion was led without any orders except those of our Major. Here sargeant Alexander Howe, of Company E, was shot through the upper part of the arm, the same bullet passing through the body of an Infantry soldier and killing him immediately. Sargent Brawly, also of Company E, was killed at the same time. Is it possible (as is said) that some officers would gladly tramp over the bodies of their own men in order to secure rank? If such is the case it surely “smells rank to Heaven.”

May 21st.—To-day our pickets are advanced five hundred yards beyond yesterday's position, and our breastworks extend along the whole front in parallel lines. Everything around us indicates a good command, and if we do not push secessionism to the wall in this coming battle, it will be no fault of General Halleck's. To-day we are raising observations by rigging mast fashion a large tree which stands some twenty-five feet inside our intrenchments; and the workmen assert that from its top they can see already the top of a steeple in Corinth. When they have

added the step to the tree trunk already cradled, they will have the point of observation at an attitude of 120 or 130 feet, and can command a perfect view of the surrounding country. I wonder if it can be here a mere step to the top of a steeple; or, only a step from the cradle to the pulpit.

May 23rd. — The weather is warm and dry again; we had considerable skirmishing along our left and center again last night, and nobody was hurt, although Pat D., chased a silver tailed squirrel without any chance of capture while he was on picket duty. He on return told a story about "a heifer at home wid a hundred pounds cash, had left him, like an ass, because of a ruction he had," Here his story was interrupted by an Infantryman on guard duty near him, exclaiming: "Ah, look out for the Rebel fire." Pat ludicrously dodged behind a tree, and looking through the undergrowth saw what he took to be a Rebel rifle pointed straight at him; but which proved to be only the horn of an innocent cow elevated as she grazed along through the woods.

May 24th. — There are all kinds of rumors in regard to our delay here; birds are in song, and drums in perpetual motion; but soldiers are now about the quietest animals living. One among us, however, is not as quiet as his comrades, and he, according to language is some pumpkins certainly. Corporal B, is of small person, and his small dimensions physically, are also mentally of little calibre. He is as proud of himself as a peacock, and imagines he is not only an object of great interest here, but will be regarded by all his friends, male or female, on his return home, as the *hero* of Co. H, in this war. His little coquetries with himself and their air of importance, proclaimed in the

strut about him, with his generally private opinions of himself, publicly expressed on many occasions, greatly contribute to relieve the monotony consequent upon a state of inaction in our army. "He who doth my words misplace, shall meet Bombastes face to face." His stories of conquest of the female race are enormous; and, if true, place him far beyond the gallants of France or England; during the days of the "Grand Monarch" of the one, or the "Merry Monarch" of the other. The sobriquet of the "Little Corporal," tickles him immensely, since he knows that such was the title conferred upon Napoleon by his soldiers after one of his daring feats of bravery. When the General's call upon us for Orderlies, B., is the readiest volunteer amongst us for that duty, and feels greatly depressed when reminded of his ineligibility from a diminutive stature. He is engaged after the war, on this account, for twenty duels, and he will doubtless fight them if we are in luck as we expect to be. Sargent C., is devoted to the infernal Gods for the refusal of the Corporals tender of himself on one of these occasions, when a taller young fellow was preferred. The pockets of our little friend are literally crammed with daguerreotypes of females, who were so overcome at the Corporal's departure for the seat of war, that the *least* favor any of them conferred was her limned likeness to carry about through the tented field. The Corporal's acquaintances say that he took two of these pictures without consent of the owners. The Corporal attributes these "tales of a friend" to envy, however, and so the matter rests for the present. Our 1st and 2nd battalions received five hundred of Colt's revolvers to-day, which is excellent. Major Ricker is now in command, both of our Colonels being absent on

furlough. There is heavy firing this afternoon in Pope's division (our left wing,) which has continued from 3 P. M., until the present moment, some two hours. Some seven hundred men of the Rebel army have deserted and come in to us, as one of their regiments of Cavalry would also have done, but our pickets fired upon them, and caused their immediate retreat.

The weather is so dry that we have to drink swamp water, which is not very pleasant. Our pickets find difficulty in procuring their meals at a proper time, one of whom asked another near by, for a chew of tobacco. "What kind 'll ye have," asked his friend, at the same time biting a large cud out of a chunk he held in his hands, and exclaiming: "Mine's dimmyeratic terbacco and therefore, good." "Well, mine's repnblcan when I have it, and it is therefore, well mouthed by friend and foe," answered his friend. "Oh, ho," remarked Bill, "republican, hey? well then you'd better apply to our friends, the Secesh yonder, who are even now plugging away at us; and they will supply you with as much Nigger head as you want."

May 28th.,—There has been heavy and almost continuous firing since 11 o'clock last night, on our left wing. Pope and Nelson are engaged with the enemy some time, and are still cracking away. 2 P. M., Hurlbut on our right is now at it with his artillery and musketry. Captain Crawford has been engaged with him, and is now come in with orders for our division, under General Davis to advance; and plant some of his pieces, so as to rake a field in the immediate front of our position, where the enemy's front seems the strongest, and behind which are their breastworks. The right and center are both at work, and the way the shot and shell spread themselves, is wondrous to a

pacific individual. Captain Crawford in leading to show General Davis the position for his guns, made a very narrow escape from death. While in the act of firing from his horse, (which I lent him,) one, among a shower of balls, from the enemy, struck and went through the horn of his saddle. The position of the Captain's body alone saved his life; for had he been sitting straight upon the animal at the time, he could not have escaped being struck in a vital part. Having refilled his pouch he has returned to the scene of action. General Davis' artillery rakes the enemy with such a cross fire, that they stand not upon the order of their going, but leave at once, helter, skelter, across the field into the woods.

May 29th.,—The weather is extremely warm yet, and there is but little air stirring. Yesterday was glorious for us, we, driving the Rebels back along the whole line, for over a mile, and captured, (it is said,) a large number of prisoners; Ex-Governor Beriah Magoffin, formerly the Governor of Kentucky, being one of them. Our men were engaged in building new breastworks last night, and they are fully completed this morning. We have heard the drums beating in Corinth very distinctly for several days; but this evening they seem few and far between. General Halleck has moved his camp forward to-day some two or three miles in advance of his former position. Yesterday he ordered out some reconnoitering columns of the right, left and center, to unmask the enemy's batteries; but they encountered strong opposition, as the ground was hotly contested in every direction by the enemy, and we were compelled to fall back again. We lost some fifty men killed and wounded ere we retired. These woods in all directions are so bad, that

we have to feel our way as we move along. There is great noise heard to night on the railroad at Corinth, as though the enemy was moving off in large numbers, and that prominent place was being evacuated. General Pope has desired allowance from the Commander in Chief, or permission to take his forces and capture the place and those left behind; which is not allowed because there is not any official source of intelligence regarding Rebel evacuations at the present moment..

May 30th.—This morning with a letter from Captain Thompson to a regiment in Sherman's division, I got my horse ready at 6 o'clock A. M., and was about to start with it, when we heard many loud explosions and a large smoke in the direction of Corinth, when the report of certain Rebel evacuation was told us; and off in that direction I started hastily, and passed the greater part of Gen. M. S. Smith's brigade, who were rapidly moving on and entered Corinth which was about empty; nearly all the citizens having left the place with Beauregard's army the night previous. The enemy set fire to a large hotel near the depot, and several Commissary stores, together with arms, ammunition, wagons and harness near this place, which were far more numerous than we supposed. There were many abandoned Rebel camps, in some of which many articles remained; amongst which molasses, rice, bacon and cooking utensils were in large quantities. There were several houses still burning when we arrived, near some of which were cannon balls, shot and shells; also other property which was not carried off or destroyed. It was reported here that the enemy had for sometime removed their sick, and valuable stores on the railroad cars; and, also, some of their most effective forces. Most of the latter, howev-

er, marched off toward Okalona, a place on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and upwards of one hundred miles from here. They went by the road towards Rienzi and Danville, to which the greater part of our army has followed them and captured some three hundred of their men here, who were so surprised at our sudden appearance, as to be unable to fight; and therefore, endeavored to retreat, to no purpose however. General Pope's force is in the advance, he being the first to take the intrenchments here. Had this great General been permitted to break the railroad in the rear a few days since, as he wanted to do, the forces of Beauregard would never escaped as they have done. There was strong breastworks along the front of a ridge about a mile from Corinth, which were strong, and placed between all the roads; which, certainly, would have deterred our advance had they held the position as it had been previously. Corinth is a splendidly built little town, and has a strength of position which was never conceded, and a stubborn defense on their part would never have permitted us to enter as easily as we did.

May 31st. — General Pope's forces have met with great success on their route after the Rebels, and arrived at Boonville before daylight this morning; he having captured two thousand Rebel soldiers with their arms and ammunition; he also blew up a culvert, destroyed the track, and took a large quantity of every kind of supplies, and a train of about thirty railroad cars and a locomotive. He took at the same place about ten thousand stand of arms, and a great supply of clothing and ammunition. These roads are filled in some portions with flying Rebel pickets, and many of them are captured by our Cavalry. There are three

captured locomotives here at Corinth, two of which are fit for immediate duty. A bridge over the Tuscumbia river was to-day destroyed by the enemy; another one was set fire to not far off, which was saved by Captain C., who, as he entered Danville was among the first men in our army. He was here shot at several times by guerilla's, who failed to hit him; and six of the scamps were made prisoners by the Captain and another man near him at the time. In saving the bridge which the retreating enemy set on fire, Captain Crawford tied a long pole to a bucket and dipped sufficient water from the river to save the already blazing bridge.

June 2nd.—Our actions being about over here now, as Corinth is taken, Captain Crawford is about to return home, and for that reason sought the quarters of General Halleck which is hard to find; but through which he receives the Generals signature, and is to leave us to-morrow.

June 3rd.—Captain C., McC., and myself have started to Pittsburgh Landing, the former to obtain a passage on a steamer there for Cincinnati. McC., and I have gone to this point in order to bid the Captain farewell, and carry a portion of his things. We passed Monterey after breakfast time, where there are a thousand sick soldiers at present placed in tents. There is lots of mud along this road, and there would have been much hunger also, in our party; but that we happened to see a good Samaritan who keeps a baker shop on our road, and supplied us with food, because our Captain paid him for it. There was but few steamers near the landing when we arrived, and he obtained passage by hard work in two hours after we got there. When he was about starting, however, we sorrowfully bade him good-bye. The relics of several fields

(weapons,) he takes home with him, these and the letters of our boys to their friends, would almost load a good sized wagon.

June 4th. — Pope has advanced beyond Danville with Nelson, McCook, Davis and Buell's divisions, all being in chase of the flying Rebels; while Sherman, Hurlbut and others are gone in the direction of Memphis, some twenty miles on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The 1st Ohio Cavalry captured yesterday, a whole company of Louisiana tigers and their arms. They are mostly all foreigners, but a hard looking set.

June 6th. — Our battalion is encamped two miles beyond Corinth now, near the plantation and Blue Sulphur Springs of a Southern skedaddling fellow, who, taking his negroes with him left the place as a hospital, where three Southern wounded soldiers remain nursed by three women from Memphis, and a widow with a son-in-law and daughter, who has possession of the premises. This place is situated near a swamp, and the idea of making a pleasure ground and erecting a ten-pin alley here, is rather remarkable, as the place is unfit for any pleasure whatever.

June 7th. — The houses at Corinth are at present being cleaned out, some of them for hospitals; and debris accumulated here by filthy persons, together with a large amount of storage, and dead bodies of horses, are being burned up or taken away by our men.

June 8th. — The Rebels are supposed to be in some force across the Tuscumbia river under Beauregard. Price's army is almost totally broken up, as one of his men who has deserted to us reports. The deserter is an Ohioan, and informs us of the total demoralization of the Rebel army. I have just been over to

Hurlbut's division, the tents of which are at present rather empty, because the greater number of the men are yet off on Rebel huntings. There are several empty Secesh tents along the route, which is ten miles beyond here, in which I have picked up several weapons, principally large—knives which look like small sabres. Fodder is very scarce at present, as we receive but one sack of corn or oats for thirty-five horses, and no hay whatever. On my return to Corinth to-day, June 10th., I met Colonel Taylor, Major Sherer, Adjutant Shultz and Adjutant Harrison with the Sutler, all of our regiment, who have returned from home, and are seeking our first and second battalions under General Hurlbut. These forces have moved out on the M., and C. railroad, twelve miles farther on this road. My meeting with these officers of ours was glad and joyous, as they are all very kind and gentlemanly persons indeed. The Paymaster Major McDowell, has liquidated all debts of the Government to this division, except our unfortunate regiment. Our absence has created the reason of our destitution.

June 11th.—Buell's whole corps de army has again returned. The Rebels have outrun us, and got beyond hearing or sight, in as masterly a style as they evacuated Corinth and Danville; which latter place is composed of a dozen houses filled with pretended Unionists. There seems a great architectural genius in the 10th. Kentucky regiment, who built of cane (which is plenty where they were, near Rienzi,) a fancy shelter for himself, which has regular arcades, and windows, and doors. In fact it is an elegant looking summer residence, which is kept in as much order by the men, as can be accomplished anywhere on earth. Dewberries and blackberries are now

rather plentiful here, with pigs and cows running around ; and all these articles so well taken as to compose excellent food for all hands. These animals, with pies of the berries, made often, with milk from the cows running out of the corners of our mouths, like tobacco juice from an old chewer, are too good for the service, yet are bully for the sojers !

June 12th.—The weather is very warm here now ; mosquitoes have “arrived,” and there are thousands of ants that seem to be one thousand years old. Oak bottoms and running streams, (the latter about played out,) are beautiful in this neighborhood. Our new Q. M., Lieutenant Owens, feeds us well at present—a new broom sweeps clean. Blackberry patches are plenty about here ; but our neighbors pretend great ignorance in regard to their whereabouts, even when they can be seen from their own doors. They hate to enlighten us on any subject, we suppose, which has the *black* connected with it. We hope they’ll soon (bevvy) bury the hatchet, and *patch* their consciences. McCook’s brigade have just passed by here on their way to Corinth two miles distant ; the men seem in high spirits, being under the impression they are leaving forever this barren, sickly soil. Their supposed destination is Memphis, by the river. Boonville, ten miles south of us, is a gay place of about the dimensions of a pocket map and as variegated ; and although none of the citizens of this famous place have made boon companions of our boys, we can well imagine the strength of their stomachs and their capacity for poor whisky. Our privates judging their superiors by arguments pro and con, ask whether Grant or Halleck’s surprise at Shiloh or Corinth was the greatest ; they seem to put it down as a fact, that “we *were* surprised

at Shiloh ; but that being *Granted*, they say that the enemy's evacuation of Corinth is a h—ll of a lick on us. Pat D., adds our Commander in Chief to the long list of illustrious Irishmen, because he clothes even the roads in *corduroy*, and strews them with *shilelah*."

June 14th.—Our battalion got back last night about seven o'clock from beyond Rienzi, a place near Baldwin, which is on the railroad of quite an imposing appearance, but nearly depopulated through fear at our approach. It is nearly as large as Corinth, and seems to have been quite a business place in days lately passed. We don't lament the departure of frightened citizens, who must have been a barefaced set to strip the town so nakedly on the approach of us inquisitive strangers. John R., a member of our battalion, having had peculiar improvement in finding whisky, is accused by his mess of vermin, for the obtaining of which he is searched unavailingly, and remarks then, that "he can hear a louse *walk*, and, therefore it is useless for vermin to make a race course over *his* body." There are many doubts of the "hearing 'em coming" part.

4 o'clock P. M.—We are just ordered to report to Colonel Dickey, being transferred to his brigade, which is just formed, and is composed of the 5th. O. V. C., the 4th and 11th. Illinois Cavalry and another regiment, at present unknown. We are to advance along the Memphis railroad to look after the enemy and his guerillas. No pay yet for us ; all the other Ohio troops have received their money from Major McDowell ; why are we made the exception. There is six months pay due us, and our families now need funds very much. The infantry drums are now beating the tattoo—lights out ; but I must steal a moment

from military authority and darkness, to record the fact, that, among the frogs innumerable about us, and now engaged in a rivalry of song, we have one regular Brignoli of a fellow; whose mellow notes under a proper cultivation, would more than equal those of the rotund tenor above named. He (the frog,) is just now engaged in the "Miserere," and will probably soon give us his "Non ti scordar di me." It must be in honor of this melodist that some of our officers wear frogged coats; and were he listened to in some of our large cities, we would doubtless have the "frog tie, the frog hop," and several old f(r)ogies would meet him with grand receptions.

How delightfully the moon, with its calm glowing face shines down upon the warlike scenes, seeming to throw rebuking glances at the elements of strife surrounding us! Our tents coming up like so many ghostly shadows in the foreground of the wood, remind one of the lost spirits wandering about gloomily in Pluto's darkest regions; and the stillness of the lately merry camp, now sunk in a secure repose, which may at any moment, have a terrible awakening—lead to reflections that one would well wish to avoid.

"But see! the clouds are floating fast and far,
Each by the moon tipped with a silvery hue;
But here and there we note a gleaming star,
Like angels smiling through the opening blue."

June 15th.—Sunday is to all (except soldiers) a day of rest, and the peals of church bells direct the thoughts, or, rather the imagination, to Him who has proclaimed "Peace and Good will upon Earth." Alas! no silver toned Sunday music sounds for the occupants of the camp; but the shrill fife and rattling drum, proclaim far different duties. The weather to-day is exceedingly warm, creating a drowsy sort of laziness,

which soldiers are rather noted for. Those of us who can force locomotion for one hundred yards, have a good antidote against this in the creek; which has, at one place a sufficient depth of water to allow good bathing, of which many take advantage to their benefit, bodily and mentally. The Sulphur Spring is in close proximity, and soldiers far and near come to obtain a drink or canteen full. This water is highly impregnated with iron and sulphur, and is an excellent tonic, for which many of us can vouch, we having been relieved of debility through its frequent use. This water springs up through a perforated marble basin, with a capacity to supply twenty gallons, or more, an hour. It is very cool, and is also very delicious to the taste. The proprietor of this place, a doctor of secesh proclivities ran away with his negroes upon our approach, leaving the house in care of a widow who still remains there, and with whom are half a dozen wounded Rebel soldiers. These are attended to by two Rebel nurses of the female order. One of these men has just died of fever, and two others ran away as soon as they were able to get off. There is now but one of them remaining who desires to take the oath of us, and return to his friends in Arkansas. He is very intelligent, and desires heartily that the war will soon have an end. As to the nurses they are fire-eaters to an intense degree; but their heated words are of far more inflammable material than the modicum of natures charms has provided them with. Our Q. M. Lieutenant Owens, is drawing very well on the Commissary department at Pittsburgh Landing, and the subsistance will in the future be abundant. We, of company H., have at present but two boxes of army crackers, and four days rations of

coffee; which is very short, as we expect to receive orders to move on to-day. We have picked up many loose secesh articles lately in Southern camps, not far from us here. Pat D., has just returned from one, bringing an illustration of the arts of "War and Peace," in the shape of a pipe, and short sword about two feet long, and half as broad; which is a tremendous weapon, seemingly well calculated for close quarters, and originally used, (it is presumed,) as a cane cutter in the South on sugar plantations. The chivalry finding them less useful in chopping up Yankees than cutting down sugar crops, leave them in disgust all over the country.

We are ordered to Corinth by companies this afternoon, *June 15th.*, to receive four months pay. We need it, and will make good use thereof, by sending it to our families instanter.

June 16th. — I felt very ill to day with the debility which has strongly affected me since my fell disease commenced at Crump's Landing; and I have got a furlough, which has been signed by Captain T., and Doctor Davies, for twenty days. I feel grateful for this, as dyspepsia has taken up his terrible abode in my stomach, which I had hoped I was rid of; but hard fare and exposure of camp life, has rather dashed my hopes in that respect, and I suffer very much in consequence. I reached Pittsburgh Landing this evening, and departed before dark on the steamer Horizon for home. There are a number of officers on board of artillery, cavalry and infantry, who do not seem great sufferers from disease, but obtain leaves oftener than privates; so it goes through life; men in position, whether entitled or not, obtain indulgences not awarded to others.





The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation. It is only about 150 years old, and its history is therefore a history of rapid growth and change. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation. It covers a vast area of land, and its population is one of the largest in the world. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation. It is made up of many different peoples, languages, and customs, and this diversity has been one of its strengths.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants. Many of the people who live in the United States today are the descendants of immigrants from other countries, and this has helped to shape the nation's culture and identity.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers. From the first settlers to the present day, the United States has been a land of exploration and discovery, and this spirit of adventure has been one of its defining characteristics.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of freedom. The United States was founded on the principles of liberty and democracy, and these principles have been the foundation of its government and society ever since.

The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress. The United States has been at the forefront of many of the most important technological and scientific advances of the modern world, and this progress has helped to improve the lives of its people.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope. Despite all the challenges it has faced, the United States has always been a land of opportunity and optimism, and this hope has been one of its greatest strengths.

The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of unity. Despite its many differences, the United States has always been a land of unity and shared values, and this unity has been one of its greatest strengths.

THE

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ADVENTURES *Geo M. Can*

OF A

VOLUNTEER,

BY A

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